THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

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THE TIBER

"Tiber alone endures, whose ancient tide
Worshipped the Queen of Cities on her throne."

FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO Y VILLEGAS

V.19

THE WORKS OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Volume 19

Titus Andronicus
Pericles

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

EARLY EDITIONS

In 1600 a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus* was published, bearing the following title-page:—

"The most lamenta- | ble Romaine Tragedie of *Titus* | *Andronicus.* | As it hath sundry times been playde by the | Right Honourable the Earle of Pembrooke, the | Earl of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the | Lorde Chamberlaine theyr | Seruants. | At London, | Printed by I. R. for Edward White | and are to bee solde at his shoppe, at the little | North doore of Paules, at the signe of | the Gun. 1600." This is the earliest known edition, and is referred to as Quarto I.

Another quarto, printed from the former, was brought out in 1611:—

"The | most lamen- | table Tragedie | of *Titus Andronicus.* | *As it hath sundry* | *times beene plaide by the Kings* Maiesties Seruants. | London, | Printed for Edward White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe, nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the signe of the Gun. 1611."

In the 1st Folio *Titus Andronicus* comes between *Coriolanus* and *Romeo and Juliet;* the text was somewhat carelessly printed from a copy of the Second Quarto with MS. additions. The Second Scene of the Third Act, not found in the quartos, is peculiar to the Folio version.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

According to Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets,* a quarto edition of *Titus Andronicus*

was printed in 1594; but no copy has been discovered. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare's connection with the subject is Meres' mention of the play, in 1598, as one of Shakespeare's well-known tragedies. There can be little doubt that Ravenscroft, who "about the time of the Popish Plot," revived and altered *Titus Andronicus*, preserved a trustworthy tradition with respect to its authorship. "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters." Internal evidence seems to corroborate the tradition, and Shakespeare's additions are now generally assigned to about 1589–90. The following passages suggest Shakespearean authorship:—I, i, 9; II, i, 82, 83; I, i, 70–76, 117–119, 141, 142; II, ii, 1–6; II, iii, 10–15; III, i, 82–86, 91–97; IV, iv, 81–86; V, ii, 21–27; V, iii, 160–168.[1]

The problem is complicated by the fact that there must have been at least three plays on the subject, according to the references in the Stationers' Registers, and Henslowe's *Diary*. Jonson probably referred to an older play when he wrote:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo or Andronicus are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years" (*Bartholomew Fair*, 1614). This would place the production in question between 1584 and 1589.

The German "tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*," acted abroad about the year 1600 by the English players, may contain elements of the older original on which the present play was founded: among its characters there is a "Vespasian," and it is noteworthy that there is a record in Henslowe's *Diary* of a "*tittus and Vespasia*" acted "by

[1] (*Cp.* H. B. Wheatley, *New Shakespeare Soc.*, 1874; a synopsis of critical opinion is to be found in Fleay's *Manual*, p. 44; Knight, in his *Pictorial Shakespeare*, defends Shakespeare's authorship.

The fullest recent study of the subject is that of Dr. M. M. Arnold Schröer, Marburg, 1891).

Lord Strange's men" on April 11, 1591. The play is marked "*ne*" (*i. e.* "new"). Similarly, a "*Titus and Andronicus*" is described as a new play by Henslowe under the date of January 22, 1593–1594.

Under any circumstances, *Titus Andronicus* stands outside the regular early Shakespearean dramas,—the gentle "love-plays" of his first period; its value, however, in literary history, is this:—crude as it is, it certainly belongs to the same type of play, as the greater tragedy of *Hamlet;* the *machinery* in both plays is much the same; both are Kydian dramas of Revenge; Nemesis triumphs in the end, entangling in her meshes the innocent as well as the guilty, the perpetrators of crime as well as the agents of vengeance.

SOURCE OF THE PLOT

It is remarkable that popular as was the story of *Titus Andronicus* in the sixteenth century, no direct source of the play has yet been discovered, and nothing can be added to Theobald's comment. "The story," he observes, "we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor anybody else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of; not till after the translation of the Empire, I mean to Byzantium. And yet the scene is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."

The ballad given in Percy's *Reliques* was evidently based on the present play, though formerly considered as its source.[1]

[1] *Cf. Roxburghe Ballads* (*Ballad* Society), Vol. 1; the version cannot, according to Chappell, be earlier than the reign of James I, and is more probably of that of Charles I. The title of the ballad is *"The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus.* With the fall of his Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his daughter Lavinia," etc.

THE TIME OF THE PLAY

The period covered by the play is four days represented on the stage; with, possibly, two intervals.

Day 1. Act I; Act II, sc. i.
Day 2. Act II, sc. ii–iv; Act III, sc. i. *Interval.*
Day 3. Act III, sc. ii. *Interval.*
Day 4. Acts IV and V (*v.* P. A. Daniel's *Time-Analysis*, p. 190).

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

The Lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus, as it is called in the folio of 1623, is extant in two editions, published during Shakespeare's life, and bearing date 1600 and 1611. Of the first of these only two copies are now known, one of which, as Mr. Collier informs us, is in the collection of Lord Francis Egerton, the other in the Signet Library at Edinburgh, and but lately discovered. The first edition is a quarto pamphlet of forty leaves, with a title-page reading as follows: "The most lamentable Roman Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been played by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Sussex, and the Lord Chamberlain their Servants. At London, Printed by J. R. for Edward White, and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North door of Paul's, at the sign of the Gun. 1600." The only considerable change in the title-page of 1611 has reference to the acting of the play, merely saying,—"As it hath sundry times been played by the King's Majesty's Servants"; which, as we have repeatedly seen, was the same company that was known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, till the accession of James I, in 1603.

Though no earlier edition than 1600 is now known to exist, it is altogether probable the play was printed in 1594, as Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, published in 1691, speaks of an edition of that date. That there were copies of such an edition known to Langbaine, only ninety-seven years after, and now lost, might very well be, seeing only two copies of the edition of 1600 have survived till our time. Besides, his statement is con-

firmed by an entry at the Stationers' to John Danter, February 6, 1594, of "a book entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus."

In the folio of 1623, *Titus Andronicus* stands the third in the division of Tragedies, and is printed with a fair text, having the acts duly marked, but not the scenes. The folio copy has one scene, not in the earlier copies, the second in Act III: otherwise, it appears to have been reprinted from the edition of 1611. Whether the scene in question were omitted in the earlier copies, or added in the later, we have no means of ascertaining.

As to the date of the composition, our most important testimony is furnished by the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, which was written in 1614: "He that will swear, Jeronimo or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these *five-and-twenty or thirty years*. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well: such a one the author knows where to find him." Taking the shortest period here spoken of, twenty-five years, we are thrown back to the year 1589, as the time when the play was first on the boards. Shakespeare was then twenty-five years old; and from the internal evidence of the play we should conclude it to have been written when he certainly was not past that age. That Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* was the one referred to by Jonson, may be reasonably inferred, from the known fact of its great and long-continued popularity on the stage, and as there was no other play with that title, that we know of, having sufficient foothold in the popular favor to make his reference anywise appropriate.

But it has been much questioned whether *Titus Andronicus* were written by Shakespeare. This question seems to have been started by Ravenscroft, who, having altered and of course *improved* the play, revived it on the stage about the time of the Popish Plot, in 1678. In the Prologue then supplied, Ravenscroft speaks as follows:

"To-day the Poet does not fear your rage;
Shakespeare, by him reviv'd, now treads the stage:
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
Safe from the blast of any critic's frown."

Ravenscroft published his *Titus Andronicus* in 1687, but suppressed the Prologue of 1678; and gave a preface, stating, among other things, how he had "been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that the play was not originally Shakespeare's, but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters": but Shadwell intimates that Ravenscroft got up this story with a view to exalt his own merit in having altered it.

Howbeit, a large number of critics and editors, from Theobald to Singer, agree in the opinion that the play was not written by Shakespeare; though Theobald and one or two others think he added "a few fine touches" to it. Their judgment in the matter is thus pronounced by Johnson: "All the editors and critics agree in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the color of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience, yet we are told by Jonson that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakespeare wrote any part of it, though Theobald declares it *incontestable*, I see no reason for believing." The latest critic of much weight who pronounces the same way, is Hallam. "*Titus Andronicus*," says he, "is now, by common consent, denied to be, in any sense, a production of Shakespeare; and very few passages, I should think not one, resemble his manner."

These are pretty strong declarations, but there are two facts which they do not tell us how to get along with. One is, that Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, names *Titus Andronicus* as one of Shakespeare's tragedies. Meres seems to have been fully competent for the work

which he undertook to do. It is highly probable that he was personally acquainted with Shakespeare, perhaps his personal friend, as he speaks of "his sugared Sonnets among his private friends," though these were not printed till 1609, eleven years after the mentioning of them in his *Palladis Tamia.* All his other statements of fact respecting the Poet are admitted as true. There was not the least occasion for his assigning this play to Shakespeare, were it not so.

The second is, that *Titus Andronicus* was included by Heminge and Condell in their collected edition of Shakespeare's plays, in 1623. The editors were the Poet's old friends and fellow-actors: his connection with them was so close and intimate, that he mentioned them in his Will: "To my Fellows, John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, xxvi. s. viii. d. apiece, to buy them Rings." They had therefore every possible opportunity for knowing what plays were written by Shakespeare, and no conceivable motive for printing any as his that were not so; since, had they done such a thing, there could not but be men living, able to expose them.

Now, we will by no means affirm that there might not be qualities of style and workmanship sufficient to overbear such facts as these: but we have not the slightest hesitation in affirming that no inference grounded on the qualities of the play in question can be strong enough to outface them. Inferior it is, undoubtedly, in workmanship and style, to most of the other plays received as Shakespeare's; yet it differs not more in these respects from *The Comedy of Errors,* for example, than this does from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream;* nay, it hardly differs more from *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* than this does from *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale.* Its comparative smoothness and regularity of versification, its frequency and occasional awkwardness of classical allusion, and its unartistic redundancy of blood and horror, are no more than were to be expected in the first efforts of the Poet's apprenticeship, when he could not but be ignorant of his powers, and

would have to try what he could do with such elements of strength as lay around him in the theatrical antecedents of his time, before he could find, and in order to find, the strength that was in himself.

Accordingly, the play bears a close resemblance to the best specimens of dramatic production known on the English stage at the time we suppose it to have been written; and it resembles them in their best qualities. Marlowe, whose *Tamburlaine* was acted before 1587, had just unfettered the English drama from the shackles of rhyme, and touched its versification with the first beginnings of freedom and variety. As if to square the account for this advance upon the dramatic taste and culture of the time, he trained his verse to a stately and high-resounding march, and often made it puff well nigh to the cracking of its cheeks with rhetorical grandiloquence and smoke. The theatrical audiences then to be had would hardly bestow much applause on any tragedies but what gave them to "sup full of horrors"; and Marlowe was apt enough, without the stimulus of any such motives, to provide them banquets of that sort. To distinguish rightly between the broad and vulgar ways of the horrible, and the high and subtle courses of tragic terror, was a point of art which he did not live to reach, and probably could not have reached if he had lived. To discover these hidden courses required the far clearer and keener vision of Shakespeare; nor does it stand to reason that even he or any other man could have discovered them, without first practising in the ways already opened and approved. Of course, as experience gradually developed his native strengths, and at the same time taught him what they were sufficient for, he would naturally throw aside, one after another, the strengths of custom, of example, and public taste; since these would grow to be felt as incumbrances, as he grew able to do better without them.

And this would naturally be the case much more in his efforts at tragedy than at comedy. For the elements of comedy, besides being more light and wieldy in themselves,

had been playing freely about his boyhood, and mingling in his earliest observations of human life and character: so that here he would be apt to cast himself more quickly and unreservedly upon nature as he had been used to meet and converse with her. Tragedy, on the other hand, must in reason have been to him a much more artificial thing; and he would needs require both a larger measure and a stronger faculty of observation and experience, before he could find the elements of it in nature, and become able to digest and modulate them into the many-toned, yet severe and nicely-balanced harmony of dramatic art. Is it not clear, then, that in proportion as he lacked the power to seize and wield the natural elements of tragedy in his first efforts that way, he would be governed by what stood before him, and the adventitious helps and influences of the time be prominently reproduced in his work? Therefore it is, we doubt not, that his earlier comedies are so much more Shakespearean in style and spirit and characterization, than his tragedies of the same period. For can it be questioned, that such a man so circumstanced would sooner *find himself*, and sooner make others find him, in comedy than in tragedy?

Our own opinion, therefore, runs entirely with those of the later editors, Knight, Collier, and Verplanck, that *Titus Andronicus* is *substantially* Shakespeare's work. Whether he be responsible for the whole of it, is another question,—one, we think, impossible to determine, and not easy even to make up an opinion upon. It has, to our mind, no such inequalities of style and execution as are found in *Pericles* and *Timon of Athens*. Inferior as it is in comparison with the Poet's later tragedies, its course seems tolerably sustained: at least, we do not discover that it anywhere either falls greatly below or rises greatly above itself. There is indeed a certain overwrought lustihood and incontinence of wickedness in Tamora and the Moor, which have no parallel or counterpart in the other characters; but this is nothing to the purpose. The play, therefore, nowise

compels the supposal of more than one hand in the writing; and this is pretty much all we can say about it.

The play seems to be without any foundation in authentic history. How or whence the story originated, has not been revealed to us, unless in the play itself. The scene of the incidents seems to be nowhere, the time, nowhen. The classical allusions, though numerous enough, are but such as might have been supplied by the "small Latin and less Greek," accorded to Shakespeare by the greatest scholarship of the time. The sentiments and customs of ages and nations far asunder in time and space, Pagan gods and Popish observances, are jumbled together in "most admired confusion"; and indeed the matter generally seems to have been patched up at random from what the author had learned in books, instead of being a coherent projection from what he had seen or felt of the living nature within and around him. There may have been an older play on the subject, from which the Poet derived more or less of the plot and incidents; though none such has come down to us. Remains but to add that there is an old ballad on the same subject, which was entered at the Stationers' by John Danter at the same time with the play, and may be seen (for it is doubtless the same) in Percy's *Reliques:* but which of them was written first, we have no means of deciding, save that, as Percy remarks, "the ballad differs from the play in several particulars which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian."

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

TAMORA

Saturnine braves and insults the benefactor who has given him a crown, and the Gothic Tamora prepares to wreak her vengeance, as empress, on the family that bereaved her of a son. The very morning after her marriage and that of Lavinia with Bassianus she takes the occasion of a hunt,—the courtly compliment of the yet unawakened Titus Andronicus, and with the aid of her paramour Aaron, the Moor, and her brutal sons, Chiron and Demetrius, she abuses and maims Lavinia, murders Bassianus, and destroys by false accusation two of the sons of Andronicus. Still the author does not allow us to take unhesitating party,—for Bassianus and Lavinia are as wanting in prudence as temper, and heap provocation upon her that she could scarcely be expected to bear. It is a point of art by which the black wickedness of Tamora is deepened to the imagination, that we are made to despise and detest her, notwithstanding that her wrongs and provocations have been such as might easily wean our sympathies from very compassionable victims. By mastery of dramatic chiaroscuro, however, we follow sympathetically the distinctive distances of hatefulness, and never lose our way so far as to palliate the atrocities of Tamora, or to refuse our pity to the woes of the Andronicus.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

AARON THE MOOR

More noteworthy, however, than Titus is Aaron the Moor, the arch-villain of the drama. In the cynical ef-

frontery of his wickedness, he resembles some of Marlowe's creations, especially Barabas. But he further displays, though in rudimentary form, two leading characteristics of Shakspere's criminals: he has an acid humor, and he has the faculty of adroitly turning to his own purposes the vicious desires of his fellow-men. A redeeming touch, that keeps him within the pale of humanity, is his affection for his bastard child; but otherwise he is an incarnation of motiveless malignity, thus prefiguring, strangely enough, Iago, who ruins a very different type of the Moorish race. —Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

EVIDENCES OF SHAKESPEAREAN STYLE

The bloody drama of *Titus Andronicus,* replete with horrors of every kind (which reach a climax when Titus, as a preliminary to stabbing Queen Tamora, serves her in the garb of a cook with her two sons baked in a pie), was probably written by an amateur or "private gentleman" (*teste* Ed. Ravenscroft, 1687), at a time when Shakespeare was still in his experimental stage (1590–3). It may well have been written in emulation of Kyd or Marlowe: but the conception is a good deal lower than that of Marlowe, whose aspiration was rather after the impossible than the merely horrible. As a composition it is more suggestive of Kyd, but the versification is too complex to admit of its being attributed to him; while the complete absence of humor and the rarity of pathos preclude us from accepting it as undiluted Shakespeare. Nevertheless the internal evidence agrees perfectly with such slight external indication as we possess to the effect that Shakespeare revised the play, introducing graceful passages here and fine poetry there, remodeling the character of Titus, and recasting the closing scene, in which (in characteristic Shakespearean style) the reign of sane government and good sense is reestablished after a harvest of horrors. It seems to have been a stage success as played by Shakespeare's company. Shakespeare was, in fact, probably set to work upon it be-

cause the "shambles" play was then in vogue, just as, later, we have the reigns of Farce, Chronicle, High Comedy, Tragedy, Romance, and Burlesque succeeding each other in the popular taste.—SECCOMBE AND ALLEN, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

The three great contrivers of the harms, Titus, Tamora, and Aaron, are shaped with a rude and somewhat uncertain hand; but a trait here and there suggests the future author of *Richard III*, of *Lear*, and *Othello* in this resolute emulator of Marlowe and Kyd. Titus and Tamora bear the stamp of the Kydian tragedy of Revenge. Their tragic career is provoked by a deadly, unpardonable wrong. Aaron, on the other hand, is related rather to the Marlowesque tragedy of dæmonic energy,—*virtù*—which dooms its victims out of pure malignancy. But Titus has touches of a Shakespearean magnanimity which remove him far from the blind pursuer of vengeance. His generous disclaimer of the imperial crown in the opening scene fitly preludes the nobly-imagined scene in which he hews off his hand to save his sons. The scene (III, ii) where the two brothers so passionately moralize the death of a fly, already heralds those apparently trivial moments of pause which the mature Shakespeare is wont to make pregnant of tragic suggestion. And the tenderness for his child which so suddenly and strangely intrudes upon the fiendish malignity of Aaron, is a trait which might well escape from the pen of the future delineator of Shylock and his daughter. Most critics have recognized Shakespearean touches in the style. Certainly, the bookish allusions which are so abundantly woven into its texture are tempered with many touches caught from the open-air life of nature such as nowhere fail in the young Shakespeare. A woodland brake—a "pleasant chase"—is the scene of the most tragic deed in the whole play, and we are not allowed to forget over the sufferings of Lavinia the morningdew upon the leaves or their chequered shadow upon the ground as they

quiver in the breeze.—HERFORD, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work,—or, if you please, as an affair of jeweling and enameling. The lines which we have quoted may not be among Shakspere's highest things; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvas, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with color and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like "a copy of verses," under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspere to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspere, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this —his affection for his child:—

> "Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;
> For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
> I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
> And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
> And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
> To be a warrior, and command a camp."

Did Shakspere put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool

editorial mending of a second man's work? The system may do for an article; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspere put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus?—

> "Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
> To melt in showers: Thy grandsire lov'd thee well:
> Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
> Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
> Many a matter hath he told to thee,
> Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
> In that respect then, like a loving child,
> Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
> Because kind nature doth require it so."

Malone has not marked these; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts?—KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

UN-SHAKESPEAREAN

This is the period of Shakspere's tentative dramatic efforts. Among these, notwithstanding strong external evidence,—the testimony of Meres, and the fact that Heminge and Condell included the play in the first folio,—it is difficult to admit *Titus Andronicus.* That tragedy belongs to the pre-Shaksperian school of bloody dramas. If any portions of it be from Shakspere's hand, it has at least this interest—it shows that there was a period of Shakspere's authorship when the poet had not yet discovered himself, a period when he yielded to the popular influences of the day and hour; this much interest and no more. That Shakspere himself entered with passion or energy into the literary movement which the *Spanish Tragedy* of Kyd may be taken to represent, his other early writings forbid us to believe. The supposed *Sturm und Drang* period of Shakspere's artistic career exists only in the imagination of his German critics. The early years of Shakspere's authorship

were years of bright and tender play of fancy and of feeling. If an epoch of storm and stress at any time arrived, it was when Shakspere's genius had reached its full maturity, and *Lear* was the product of that epoch. But *then*, if the storm and stress were prolonged and urgent, Shakspere possessed sufficient power of endurance, and had obtained sufficient grasp of the strong sure roots of life to save him from being borne away into the chaos or in any direction across the borders of the ordered realm of art. Upon the whole, *Titus Andronicus* may be disregarded. Even if it were a work of Shakspere we should still call it un-Shaksperean.—DOWDEN, *Shakspere—His Mind and Art.*

But that which, in our opinion, decides against its Shakespeare authorship is the coarseness of the characterization, the lack of the most ordinary probability in the actions, and the unnatural motives assigned to them. The *style* of a young writer may be perverted, and his *taste* almost necessarily at first goes astray; but that which lies deeper than all this exterior and ornament of art—namely, the estimate of man, the deduction of motives of action, and the general contemplation of human nature—this is the power of an innate talent, which, under the guidance of sound instinct, is usually developed at an early stage of life. Whatever piece of Shakespeare's we regard as his first, everywhere, even in his narratives, the characters are delineated with a firm hand: the lines may be weak and faint, but nowhere are they drawn, as here, with a harsh and distorted touch. And besides, Shakespeare ever knew how to devise the most natural motives for the strangest actions in the traditions which he undertook to dramatize, and this even in his earliest plays; but nowhere has he grounded, as in this piece, the story of his play upon the most apparent improbability. We need only recall to mind the leading features of the piece and its hero. Titus, by military glory placed in a position to dispose of the imperial throne of Rome, in generous loyalty creates Saturninus emperor;

against the will of his sons he gives him his daughter Lavinia, who is already betrothed to Bassianus; and in his faithful zeal he even kills one of his refractory children. At the same time he gives the new emperor the captive Gothic queen, Tamora, whose son he had just slaughtered as a sacrifice for his fallen children. The emperor sees her, leaves Lavinia, and marries Tamora; and Titus, who thus experienced the base ingratitude of him whose benefactor he had been, now expects thanks from Tamora for her elevation, when he had just before murdered her son! The revengeful woman, on the contrary, commands her own sons to slay Bassianus; and to dishonor and mutilate Lavinia. The father, Titus, does not guess the author of the revengeful act. The daughter hears the authors of the deed guessed and talked over; she hears her brothers accused of having murdered her husband, Bassianus; her tongue cut out, she cannot speak, but it seems also as if she could not hear; they ask her not, she can only shake her head at all their false conjectures. At length *by accident* the way is found to put a staff in her mouth, by which she writes in the sand the names of the guilty perpetrators. The dull blusterer who hitherto has been Brutus indeed and in the literal sense of the word, now *acts* the part of Brutus, and the crafty Tamora suffers herself to be allured into the snares of revenge by the same clumsy dissimulation as that by which Titus himself had been deceived. Whoever compares this rough psychological art with the fine touches with which in the poet's first production, Venus and Adonis, even amid the perversion of an over-refined descriptive style, those two figures are so agreeably and truly delineated that the painter might without trouble copy them from the hand of the poet, will consider it scarcely possible that the same poet, even in his greatest errors, could have so completely deadened that finer nature which he nowhere else discards. If it be asked, how it were possible that Shakespeare with this finer nature could ever have chosen such a play even for the sake alone of appropriating it to his stage, we must not forget that

the young poet must always in his taste do homage to the multitude, and that in the beginning of his career he would be stimulated by speculation upon their applause, rather than by the commands and laws of an art ideal.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE PRINCIPAL DEFECT OF THE PLAY

How much of what is horrible is met with in the universally admired Greek tragedies, the myths of Atreus and Thyestes, Orestes and Clytemnestra, Œdipus and his family, the sources of the Greek tragedy! Is not Gloster's fate in *King Lear* horrible? are we not also at times seized with horror in *Macbeth* and *Othello?* In single cases, therefore, it is perfectly allowable; the fault lies only in the fact that that which, in accordance with its nature, is but an isolated, special, and exceptional reality, appears here as the *general, sole,* form of the tragic element. The drama itself, its substance and ideal character is a mere representation of the tragic, degenerating into the horrible, which indeed necessarily takes place when, in the universal decay of the state and people, even a good and noble character (like Titus) breaks through the most indispensable, the most sacred ties of nature, owing to a want of clearness of moral consciousness, of power, and self-control, and tramples upon all parental feelings. It is this deed, which is spun out into the fearful tissue of the following scenes of horror, that first awakens the fiend in Tamora's nature, and the brute in Aaron. When evil is challenged by the good itself, it not only annihilates itself, but the good as well, which, of course, is then no longer truly good. It is from this point of view that the whole drama is composed; it forms the organic center in which all the separate rays converge. But the horrible, when so accumulated, and made such an ordinary, natural element of life, requires a deeper and more accurate foundation. It is not sufficient simply to presuppose a general state of decay, because the horrible is not necessarily the

general form of the tragic, even in such a state of things. However even this fault is one that could be tolerated, at least, it is not wholly wanting in motive. The principal and actual defect is, in reality, the total absence of the *conciliatory* element in the tragic pathos. Titus Andronicus dies without having even once come to the consciousness and conviction of his guilt, to the duty of submitting to the will of the gods, in short, without that which is good and beautiful in him having been purified and sublimated by the tragic pathos. It is the same with his younger sons; nay, even Lavinia, whose character is intended to be one of noble womanliness, can, with cold indifference, hold the basin which is to catch the blood of the two victims, and is herself killed by the dagger of her own father while assisting at the horrible repast. Aaron, Tamora, and Saturnine die as they have lived, and Lucius marks his elevation to the dignity of governor with the command for the inhuman and revolting execution of the Moor. Thus the drama ends in a shrill discord which is but little relieved by the abrupt and cold declaration of the new ruler:

> "Then afterwards to order well the state
> That like events may ne'er it ruinate—"

although it somewhat reminds one of Shakspeare's later manner of concluding his tragedies. We do not feel sure that things will not continue to proceed, behind the scenes, in the way they have begun; we turn with horror from such a view of human nature, nay, we are almost forced in despair, to ask, Why was such a race ever called into existence?—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

A FINISHED PRODUCTION

Titus Andronicus is certainly as unlike Shakespear's usual style as it is possible. It is an accumulation of vulgar physical horrors, in which the power exercised by the poet bears no proportion to the repugnance excited

by the subject. The character of Aaron the Moor is the only thing which shows any originality of conception; and the scene in which he expresses his joy "at the blackness and ugliness of his child begot in adultery," the only one worthy of Shakespear. Even this is worthy of him only in the display of power, for it gives no pleasure. Shakespear managed these things differently. Nor do we think it a sufficient answer to say that this was an embryo or crude production of the author. In its kind it is full grown, and its features decided and overcharged. It is not like a first imperfect essay, but shows a confirmed habit, a systematic preference of violent effect to everything else. There are occasional detached images of great beauty and delicacy, but these were not beyond the powers of other writers then living. The circumstance which inclines us to reject the external evidence in favor of this play being Shakespear's is, that the grammatical construction is constantly false and mixed up with vulgar abbreviations, a fault that never occurs in any of his genuine plays.—Hazlitt, *Characters of Shakspear's Plays.*

A PLAY NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED

It is quite unnecessary for any opponent of blind or exaggerated Shakespeare-worship to demonstrate to us the impossibility of bringing *Titus Andronicus* into harmony with any other than a barbarous conception of tragic poetry. But although the play is simply omitted without apology from the Danish translation of Shakespeare's works, it must by no means be overlooked by the student, whose chief interest lies in observing the genesis and development of the poet's genius. The lower its point of departure, the more marvelous its soaring flight.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

THE TRAGEDY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURNINUS, *son to the late Emperor of Rome, afterwards emperor*
BASSIANUS, *brother to Saturninus*
TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a noble Roman*
MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *tribune of the people, and brother to Titus*
LUCIUS,
QUINTUS,
MURTIUS,
MUTIUS,
} *sons to Titus Andronicus*
LOUNG LUCIUS, *a boy, son to Lucius*
PUBLIUS, *son to Marcus Andronicus*
ÆMILIUS, *a noble Roman*
ALARBUS,
DEMETRIUS,
CHIRON,
} *sons to Tamora*
AARON, *a Moor, beloved by Tamora*
A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans and Goths

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths*
LAVINIA, *daughter to Titus Andronicus*
A Nurse, and a black Child

Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants

SCENE: *Rome, and the country near it*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Titus Andronicus, a Roman noble and general, returns to Rome after a successful campaign in Gaul and just when the imperial succession is in dispute. Some of the people wish to make him emperor but he throws his influence on the side of Saturninus, the eldest son of the late emperor. He also promises his daughter Lavinia to Saturninus, but Bassianus, a younger brother of the new emperor, carries her off by force. Titus slays with his own hand one of his sons who had aided Bassianus; but in spite of this evidence of his loyalty Saturninus grows cool towards Titus and plans for his downfall. In these schemes he is ably seconded by Tamora, a Gothic queen, whom Titus had brought captive to Rome and who had been liberated by the emperor, and now made his empress in place of Lavinia. Tamora hates Titus because he allowed her first-born son to be offered as a sacrifice to his dead sons.

ACT II

Aaron, a Moor beloved by Tamora, takes advantage of a hunt which Titus has planned for the royal amusement, to meet Tamora. He encourages Tamora's two sons to kill Bassianus, to ravish Lavinia, to tear out her tongue, and to cut off her hands, so that she cannot accuse them either by speech or in writing. Aaron directs suspicion for the murder of Bassianus against two sons of Titus.

ACT III

The two young men are condemned to death and led to execution. Aaron tells Titus that if he will chop off his hand and send it to the emperor their lives will be spared. Titus does so and sends the hand by Aaron, but soon a messenger brings it back accompanied by the heads of his sons. Titus swears to right their wrongs. Lucius, his one remaining son, goes to Gaul, there to raise an army.

ACT IV

With a staff held in her teeth and guided by her stumps, Lavinia writes on the sands the names of her ravishers, and Titus, pretending insanity, sends strange messages to them. Tamora is delivered of a blackamoor child, the result of her intimacy with Aaron. Aaron flees out of the city with the child. Lucius returns to Rome with his Gothic army and Tamora sends word to him that she will meet him at his father's house.

ACT V

Some of the Goths come upon Aaron and the child and bring them to Lucius. Upon promising to preserve the child's life, Lucius learns the story of Aaron's plots against the Andronici. Tamora and her two sons go disguised to Titus's house to make arrangements for the parley. Titus continues to feign madness and after the empress's departure he kills her sons and bakes their bodies in a pie to be served at the feast he has prepared for the meeting. When all the guests are seated Titus slays his own daughter Lavinia and when the emperor presses him for his reason for doing so, he tells him how she had been ravished by Tamora's sons, and then he kills Tamora. Saturninus kills Titus, and Lucius kills the emperor. Lucius tells the Roman people the story of the wrongs done his family and they proclaim him emperor. Aaron, the Moor, is sentenced to be set breast-deep in earth and to die of starvation.

THE TRAGEDY OF
TITUS ANDRONICUS

ACT FIRST

Scene I

Rome. Before the Capitol. The Tomb of the Andronici appearing.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft. And then enter below, Saturninus and his Followers from one side, and Bassianus and his Followers from the other side, with drum and colors.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That ware the imperial diadem of Rome;

5–6. *"I am his first-born son, that was the last That ware";* so Qq.; Ff. 1, 2, 3 read *"I was the first-born son, that was the last That wore";* F. 4, *"I was the first-born Son of him that last Wore";* Pope, *"I am the firstborn son of him that last Wore";* Collier, *"I am his . . . That wore";* Collier MS., *"I am the first borne Sonne, of him the last That wore."*—I. G.

Then let my father's honors live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans, friends, followers, favorers of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonor to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence and nobility:
But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls:
He by the senate is accited home
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;
That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yoked a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field.
And now at last, laden with honor's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat, by honor of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honor and adore,
That you withdraw you and abate your strength,
Dismiss your followers and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honor thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortunes and the people's favor
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all,
And to the love and favor of my country
Commit myself, my person and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.*

42. *"pretend"*; claim.—C. H. H.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish. Saturninus and Bassianus go up into the Capitol.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honor and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

Drums and trumpets sounded. Enter Martius and Mutius; after them, two Men bearing a coffin covered with black; then Lucius and Quintus. After them, Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora Queen of Goths, with Alarbus, Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, and other Goths, prisoners; Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharged her fraught
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,

62. *"gates"*; Capell reads *"gates, tribunes"*; Collier MS., *"brazen gates."*—I. G.

65. *"patron"*; advocate.—C. H. H.

Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors:
Here Goths have given me leave to sheathe my sword.
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars!
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons hast thou of mine in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,
That we may hew his limbs and on a pile
'Ad manes fratrum' sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy prison of their bones,
That so the shadows be not unappeased,

77. *"thou great defender of this Capitol"; i. e.* Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sacred.—H. N. H.

99. *"earthy";* so the quartos; the folio, *earthly.*—H. N. H.

Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren! Gracious conqueror,
Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me!
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge:
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice:
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

101. *"prodigies on earth";* it was supposed that the ghosts of unburied people appeared, to solicit the rites of funeral.—H. N. H.

Luc. Away with him! and make a fire straight;
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let 's hew his limbs till they be clean consumed.
[*Exeunt the sons of Andronicus with Alarbus.*
Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety!
Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.
Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look.
Then, madam, stand resolved; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favor Tamora, the queen of Goths,
When Goths were Goths and Tamora was queen,
To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter the sons of Andronicus, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our Roman rites: Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.
Tit. Let it be so; and let Andronicus

138. *"his tent";* Theobald reads *"her tent"* (alluding to Hecuba beguiling Polymnestor into the tent where she and the other Trojan captives were).—I. G.

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.
[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffin laid in the tomb.*
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps!
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no storms,
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honor rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honor live Lord Titus long;
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethren's obsequies;
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome:
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud!
Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserved
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!
Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise!

154. *"drugs"*; Q. 1, *"drugges"*; Q. 2, *"grudgges"*; Ff., *"grudges."* —I. G.

167. To "outlive an eternal date" is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.—H. N. H.

Enter, below, Marcus Andronicus and Tribunes; re-enter Saturninus and Bassianus, attended.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome!
Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.
Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame!
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords:
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honor's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons:
Be candidatus then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.
Tit. A better head her glorious body fits
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe, and trouble you
Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,

189. To *"don"* is to *do on*, that is, *put on*.—H. N. H.

And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country:
Give me a staff of honor for mine age,
But not a scepter to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.
Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?
Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.
Sat. Romans, do me right;
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts!
Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!
Tit. Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.
Bas. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honor thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honorable meed.
Tit. People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,
I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?
Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,

201. *"obtain and ask";* obtain merely by asking.—C. H. H.

The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I make,
That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say 'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'
[*A long flourish till they come down.*

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favors done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honorable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse:
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honor'd of your grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate

224. *"create"*; elect.—C. H. H.
230. *"sort"*; class (of citizens).—C. H. H.
243. *"motion"*; proposal.—C. H. H.

My sword, my chariot and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honor's ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. [*To Tamora*] Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;
To him that, for your honor and your state,
Will use you nobly and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou comest not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you
Can make you greater than the Queen of Goths.
Lavinia, you are not displeased with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.
Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honors, lords, with trump and drum.
[*Flourish. Saturninus courts Tamora in dumb show.*

Bas. [*Seizing Lavinia*] Lord Titus, by your leave,
this maid is mine.
Tit. How, sir! are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Aye, noble Titus, and resolved withal
To do myself this reason and this right.
Marc. 'Suum cuique' is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.
Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's
guard?
Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surprised!
Sat. Surprised! by whom?
Bas. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exeunt Bassianus and Marcus with Lavinia.*
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I 'll keep this door safe.
[*Exeunt Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.*
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I 'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.
Tit. What, villain boy!
Barr'st me my way in Rome?
[*Stabbing Mutius.*
Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*Dies.*
[*During the fray, Saturninus, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron and Aaron go out, and re-enter above.*

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine;

My sons would never so dishonor me:
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promised love. [*Exit.*
Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I 'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonor me.
Was none in Rome to make a stale
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.
Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?
Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword:
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.
Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.
Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,
That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,
If thou be pleased with this my sudden choice,
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,
And will create thee empress of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,
Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenæus stand,
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espoused my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany
Your noble emperor and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt all but Titus.*

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonor'd thus and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Marc. O Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,

333. *"Pantheon";* the Pantheon; the temple built by Agrippa in the Campus Martius, A. D. 27.—C. H. H.
338. *"bid"; i. e.* invited.—H. N. H.

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed
That hath dishonor'd all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb:
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers and Rome's servitors
Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls:
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you:
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him;
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quin. } And shall, or him we will accompany.
Mart. }

Tit. And shall! what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee
To pardon Mutius and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honor thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Marc. He is not with himself; let us withdraw.

368. *"not with himself";* this is much the same sort of phrase as *he is beside himself,* a genuine English idiom. A similar expression occurs in the *Yorkshire Tragedy:* "She'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again."—H. N. H.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.
[*Marcus and the sons of Titus kneel.*
Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,—
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,—
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—
Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—
Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honor and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman; be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax
That slew himself; and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.
Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise:
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonor'd by my sons in Rome!
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.
[*Mutius is put into the tomb.*
Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.
All. [*Kneeling*] No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.
Marc. My lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanced in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus; but I know it is,
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell:
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

Flourish. Re-enter, from one side, Saturninus attended, Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron; from the other, Bassianus, Lavinia, with others.

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize:
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!
Bas. And you of yours, my lord! I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.
Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.
Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.
Sat. 'Tis good, sir: you are very short with us;
But, if we live, we 'll be as sharp with you.
Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.
Only thus much I give your grace to know:
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, Lord Titus here,
Is in opinion and in honor wrong'd;
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you and highly moved to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:
Receive him then to favor, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself in all his deeds
A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou and those that have dishonor'd me.
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have loved and honor'd Saturnine!

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonor'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome forfend
I should be author to dishonor you!
But on mine honor dare I undertake
For good Lord Titus' innocence in all;
Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs:
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him;
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
[*Aside to Sat.*] My lord, be ruled by me, be won at last;
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest then the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone:
I 'll find a day to massacre them all,

And raze their faction and their family,
The cruel father and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor; come, Andronicus;
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord:
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And must advise the emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus.
And let it be mine honor, good my lord,
That I have reconciled your friends and you.
For you, Prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords, and you, Lavinia;
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Luc. We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly as we might,
Tendering our sister's honor and our own.

Marc. That, on mine honor, here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;

I will not be denied: sweetheart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults:
Stand up.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we 'll give your grace bonjour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*

485. *"stand up";* perhaps these words were, as Pope suggested, merely a stage-direction.—I. G.

491. *"love-day";* day of reconciliation.—C. H. H.

ACT SECOND

Scene I

Rome. Before the palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft.
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanced above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora:
Upon her wit doth earthly honor wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.
Away with slavish weeds and servile thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,

To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,
This siren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwreck and his commonweal's.
Holloa! what storm is this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, braving.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am graced,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all,
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate:
I am as able and as fit as thou
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passion for Lavinia's love.
Aar. [*Aside*] Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvised,
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath
Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Aye, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. [*Coming forward*] Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns;
Nor would your noble mother for much more
Be so dishonor'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheathed
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breathed in my dishonor here.

Chi. For that I am prepared and full resolved.
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing darest perform.

Aar. Away, I say!
Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.
Why, lords, and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a prince's right?
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,
Or Bassianus so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware! an should the empress know
This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.
Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths
Would I propose to achieve her whom I love.
Aar. To achieve her! how?
Dem. Why makest thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.
Aar. [*Aside*] Aye, and as good as Saturninus may.
Dem. Then why should he despair that knows to court it

79. *"a thousand deaths";* Chiron appears to mean, that, had he a thousand lives, such was his love for Lavinia, he would propose to venture them all to achieve her.—H. N. H.

82, 83; *cf. 1 Henry VI,* V. iii. 78, 79; *Richard III,* I. ii. 228, 229. —I. G.

85, 87. *"more water glideth by the mill";* there is a Scottish proverb, "Mickle water goes by the miller when he sleeps." This line is also a northern proverb, "It is safe taking a *shive* of a cut loaf."—H. N. H.

89. *"Vulcan's badge";* as the deluded husband of Venus.—C. H. H.

With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?
Aar. Why, then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.
Chi. Aye, so the turn were served.
Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.
Aar. Would you had hit it too!
Then should not we be tired with this ado.
Why, hark ye, hark ye! and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you, then,
That both should speed? 101
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, so I were one.
Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar:
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love. 109
A speedier course than lingering languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:
The forest walks are wide and spacious;
And many unfrequented plots there are
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come, our empress, with her sacred wit
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull;
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns;
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

A forest near Rome. Horns and cry of hounds heard.

Enter Titus Andronicus, with Hunters, &c., Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray,

123. *"file our engines";* the allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by giving smoothness, facilitates the motion of the parts of an engine or piece of machinery.—H. N. H.

The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully.
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspired.

A cry of hounds, and horns winded in a peal. Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and their Attendants.

Many good morrows to your majesty;
Madam, to you as many and as good:
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have wrung it lustily, my lords;
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say, no;
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then; horse and chariots let us have,
And to our sport. [*To Tamora*] Madam, now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the game
Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

A lonely part of the forest.

Enter Aaron, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I had none,
To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest
[*Hides the gold.*
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chant melody on every bush;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:

9. *"empress' chest";* this is obscure. It seems to mean only, that they who are to come at this gold of the empress are to suffer by it. —H. N. H.

11. *"make a gleeful boast";* vies in glee.—C. H. H.

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tuned horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yellowing noise;
And, after conflict such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surprised,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;
Whiles hounds and horns and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

20. *"yellowing"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"yelping"*; Pope, *"yelling."*—I. G.

This is the day of doom for Bassianus:
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day,
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great empress; Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him, and I 'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Exit.*

Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.

Bas. Who have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:

69. *"Are singled forth";* have stolen out.—C. H. H.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds today!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honor of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness. I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-color'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king my brother shall have note of this.

Lav. Aye, for these slips have made him noted long:
Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Demetrius and Chiron.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!
Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have ticed me hither to this place:
A barren detested vale, you see it is;

93. *"barren detested";* Rowe reads *"barren and detested";* Capell, *"bare, detested."*—I. G.

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe:
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven:
And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body hearing it
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect:
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs Bassianus.*

104. *"fall mad, or else die suddenly";* this is said in fabulous physiology of those that hear the groan of the mandrake when torn up. The same thought, and almost the same expression, occur in *Romeo and Juliet.*—H. N. H.

110. *"Lascivious Goth";* with a quibble on *goat,* as in *As You Like It,* iii. 3. 9. Probably, as in *mote, moth,* the *th* was pronounced *t.*—C. H. H.

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Also stabs Bassianus, who dies.*

Lav. Aye, come, Semiramis, nay, barbarous Tamora,
For no name fits thy nature but thy own!

Tam. Give me the poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right you mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her;
First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw;
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mightiness:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face—

126. *"painted hope braves your mightiness";* so Qq., F. 1.; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"painted hope, she . . ."*; Warburton, *"painted cope she . . ."*; Capell, *"paint now braves your mightiness";* Steevens conj. *"painted, braves your . . .,"* etc., etc.—I. G.

132. *"outlive us";* Theobald's pointing; Qq., Ff., *"outliue us";* Dyce (ed. 2), *"outlive ye."*—I. G.

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!
Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.
Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike:
[*To Chiron*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.
Chi. What, wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard?
Lav. 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:
Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now!—
The lion, moved with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws pared all away:
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!
Tam. I know not what it means: away with her!
Lav. O, let me teach thee! for my father's sake,
That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.
Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.

152. *"paws"*; Collier MS., *"claws."*—I. G.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:
Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better loved of me.

Lav. O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place!
For 'tis not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!
The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I 'll stop your mouth. Bring thou her husband:
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Demetrius throws the body of Bassianus into the pit; then exeunt Demetrius and Chiron, dragging off Lavinia.*

Lav. "'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit."

Titus Andronicus. Act 2, Scene 3.

Tam. Farewell, my sons; see that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Aaron with Quintus and Martius.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.
Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
Mart. And mine, I promise you; were it not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
[*Falls into the pit.*
Quin. What, art thou fall'n? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?
Mart. O brother, with the dismal'st object hurt
That ever eye with sight made heart lament!
Aar. [*Aside*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have a likely guess

How these were they that made away his brother. [*Exit.*

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?
Quin. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.
Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,
Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.
Quin. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.
Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

227. *"a precious ring, that lightens all the hole";* old naturalists assert that there is a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Boyle believed in the reality of its existence. It is often alluded to in ancient fable. Thus in *The Gesta Romanorum:* "He farther beheld and saw *a carbuncle that lighted all the house."* And Drayton in *The Muse's Elysium:*

"Is that admired mighty stone,
The *carbuncle* that's named;
Which from it such a flaming light
And radiancy ejecteth,
That in the very darkest night
The eye to it directeth."—H. N. H.

And shows the ragged entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below:
Thou canst not come to me: I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*

Enter Saturninus with Aaron.

Sat. Along with me: I 'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus;
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'Tis not an hour since I left them there.

Mart. We know not where you left them all alive;
But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Re-enter Tamora, with Attendants; Titus Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?
Sat. Here, Tamora; though grieved with killing grief.
Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?
Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:
Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.
Tam. [*Giving a letter*] Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.
Sat. [*Reads*] 'An if we miss to meet him handsomely—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him:
Thou know'st our meaning. Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this and purchase us thy lasting friends.'
O Tamora! was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.
Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.
Sat. [*To Titus*] Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,

275. *"purchase us"*: win us as.—C. H. H.

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide until we have devised
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.
Tam. What, are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!
Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be proved in them—
Sat. If it be proved! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail;
For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word; the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.
Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk with them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Another part of the forest.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue and ravish'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.
Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she can scrowl.
Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.
Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let 's leave her to her silent walks.
Chi. An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord. [*Exeunt Demetrius and Chiron.*

Horns winded within. Enter Marcus, from hunting.

Mar. Who is this? my niece, that flies away so fast!
Cousin, a word; where is your husband? 12

5. *"scrowl"*; Qq., *"scrowle"*; Ff. 1, 2, *"scowle"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"scowl"*; Delius, *"scrawl."*—I. G.
9. *"case"*; Pope's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"cause."*—I. G.

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd and hew'd and made thy body bare
Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?
Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say 'tis so?
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

13. *"If I do dream";* if this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.—H. N. H.

26. *"Tereus";* the husband of Procne, violated her sister Philomela, and then cut her tongue out.—C. H. H.

Fair Philomel, why she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O, had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen-leaves, upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life!
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*

38, 39. *"Philomela,"* after losing her tongue, made her sister Procne aware of her husband's crime by working a representation of it in a sampler.—C. H. H.

49. *"Which that sweet tongue hath made";* so Qq., Ff.; Hanmer, *"Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made";* Collier MS., *"Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy,"* etc.—I. G.

51. *"the Thracian poet";* Orpheus.—C. H. H.

ACT THIRD

Scene I

Rome. A street.

Enter Judges, Senators, and Tribunes, with Martius and Quintus, bound, passing on to the place of execution; Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honor's lofty bed.
[*Lieth down; the Judges, Etc., pass by him, and Exeunt.*
For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor and my soul's sad tears:

12. *"For these, tribunes";* so Qq., F. 1; F. 4, *"For these, these, Tribunes";* Malone, *"For these, good tribunes";* Jackson conj. *"For these two tribunes";* Collier conj. *"For these, O tribunes."*—I. G.

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
blush.
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
Than youthful April shall with all his showers:
In summer's drought I 'll drop upon thee still;
In winter with warm tears I 'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. A noble father, you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not; no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead.
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
And bootless unto them . . . . . .
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones;

17. *"urns"*; Hanmer's emendation of Qq., Ff. 1, 2, 3, *"ruines"*; F. 4, *"ruins."*—I. G.

34–36. Q. 2 reads *"or if they did marke, All bootlesse unto them"*; Ff., *"oh if they did heare They would not pitty me"*; Capell, *"or, if they did mark, All bootless unto them, they would not pity me,"* etc.—I. G.

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they are better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones;
A stone is silent and offendeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death. [*Rises.*
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death:
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended thee.
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey, and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter Marcus and Lavinia.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.
Luc. Aye me, this object kills me!
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.
Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?
What fool hath added water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou camest;
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.
Give me a sword, I 'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nursed this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have served me to effectless use:
Now all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.
'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands to do Rome service is but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Marc. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,
That blabb'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!
Luc. O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?
Marc. O, thus I found her, straying in the park,

67. *"sight"*; Theobald, *"spight."*—I. G.

86. *"Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear"*; Collier MS. reads *"Rich varied notes, enchanting old and young"*; F. 4, *"Sweet various . . ."* etc.—I. G.

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath received some unrecuring wound.
Tit. It was my dear; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.
Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me: what shall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body so?
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;
Nor tongue, to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marc. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance because she knows them innocent.
Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece. Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

125. *"as"*; the reading of Collier, from Collier MS. and Long MS.; Qq., Ff., *"in"*; Rowe, *"like."*—I. G.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:
Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
That to her brother which I said to thee:
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O, what a sympathy of woe is this,
As far from help as Limbo is from bliss!

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word, that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.
Tit. O gracious emperor! O gentle Aaron!
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I 'll send the emperor
My hand:
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?
Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:
My youth can better spare my blood than you;
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.
Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?

O, none of both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And, for our father's sake and mother's care,
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I 'll go fetch an ax.

Marc. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I 'll deceive them both:
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:
But I 'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you 'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off Titus's hand.*

Re-enter Lucius and Marcus.

Tit. Now stay your strife: what shall be is dispatch'd.

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand:
Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers; bid him bury it;
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchased at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus: and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.
[*Aside*] Their heads, I mean. O, how this villainy
Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.
[*Exit.*

Tit. O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call! [*To Lav.*] What, would thou kneel with me?
Do, then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers;
Or with our sighs we 'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,

210. *"would"*; so Qq.; Ff. read *"wilt"*; Capell conj. *"wou't."*—I. G.

Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave; for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons;
And here 's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back,
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.
[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

226. *"blow"*; the reading of Ff. 2, 3, 4; F. 1, Qq., *"flow."*—I G.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*Lavinia kisses Titus.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now, farewell, flattery: die, Andronicus;
Thou dost not slumber: see, thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here,
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah, now no more will I control thy griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight
The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow in an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears:
Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me I shall never come to bliss

Till all these mischiefs be return'd again
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear.
Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things:
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there:
And, if you love me, as I think you do,
Let 's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt all but Lucius.*

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father,
The woefull'st man that ever lived in Rome:
Farewell, proud Rome; till Lucius come again,
He ~~leaves~~ his pledges dearer than his life:
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been
But now nor Lucius nor Lavinia lives
But in oblivion and hateful griefs.

282–283. *"employ'd in these things,"* etc.; so Ff.; Qq., *"imployde in these Armes"*; perhaps, as the Cambridge editors suggest, the original MS. had as follows:—

"And thou, Lavinia, shalt be imployd,
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth,"

the Quarto reading being due to a correction of *"teeth"* to *"armes"*; the latter being taken by the printer as belonging to the previous line.—I. G.

292. *"leaves"*; Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"loues."*—I. G.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs;
And make proud Saturnine and his empress
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths and raise a power,
To be revenged on Rome and Saturnine. [*Exit.*

Scene II

A room in Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot:
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
Who, when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.
[*To Lavinia*] Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

The whole of this scene is omitted in Qq.—I. G.

13. *"with outrageous beating";* F. 1 reads *"without ragious beating."*—I. G.

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.
Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.
Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;
To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how franticly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If Marcus did not name the word of hands!
Come, let 's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:

Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion moved,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not Titus' brother: get thee gone;
I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. 'But!' How, if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
Poor harmless fly,
That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry! and thou hast kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; it was a black ill-favored fly,

Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed.
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There 's for thyself, and that 's for Tamora.
Ah, sirrah!
Yet, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away. Lavinia, go with me:
I 'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read when mine begin to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*

Young Luc. "Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me everywhere, I know not why:—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.—
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean."

Titus Andronicus. Act 4, Scene 1.

ACT FOURTH

Scene I

Rome. Titus's garden.

Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Then enter Titus and Marcus.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia
Follows me every where, I know not why:
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes.
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Aye, when my father was in Rome she did.
Marc. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean:
See, Lucius, see how much she makes of thee:
Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons than she hath read to thee
Sweet poetry and Tully's Orator.

9. *"Fear her not";* so Qq.; Ff. read *"Feare not";* Rowe, *"Fear thou not."*—I. G.

13. *"her sons";* Tiberius and Caius Gracchus.—C. H. H.

Marc. Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad for sorrow: that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books and fly,
Causeless perhaps. But pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Marc. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over with her stumps the books which Lucius has let fall.*

Tit. How now, Lavinia! Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.
Which is it, girl, of these? Open them, boy.
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come, and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think she means that there were more than one
Confederate in the fact; aye, more there was;
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.
Marc. For love of her that 's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:
What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Marc. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surprised, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?
See, see!
Aye, such a place there is, where we did hunt,—
O, had we never, never hunted there!—
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies?
Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,
What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?

45. *"Soft! so busily"*; Qq., Ff., reads *"Soft, so busily"*; Rowe, *"Soft! see how busily"*; Capell, *"Soft, soft; how busily"*; Knight, *"Soft! how busily"*; Keightley, *"Soft, soft! so busily"*; Collier MS., *"Soft! see how busily."*—I. G.

48. *"treason"*; treachery.—C. H. H.

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece: brother, sit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find!
My lord, look here: look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me. [*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with feet and mouth.*]
I have writ my name
Without the help of any hand at all.
Cursed be the heart that forced us to this shift!
Write thou, good niece; and here display at last
What God will have discovered for revenge:
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*
Tit. O, do ye read, my lord, what she hath writ?
'Stuprum. Chiron. Demetrius.'
Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed?
Tit. Magni Dominator poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?
Marc. O, calm thee, gentle lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

81–82. *"Magni Dominator poli, Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?"; i. e.* Great ruler of the skies, dost thou so tardily hear and see crimes committed? (Seneca's *Hippolytus,* ii. 671); Theobald, *"Magne Dominator";* Hanmer, *"Magne Regnator."*—I. G.

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;
And swear with me, as, with the woeful fere
And father of that chaste dishonor'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,
That we will prosecute by good advice
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how.
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She 's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus; let alone;
And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like Sibyl's leaves, abroad,
And where 's your lesson then? Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Aye, that 's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armory:

109. *"bondmen"*; as being prisoners of war, and therefore of the status of slaves.—C. H. H.

Lucius, I 'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Presents that I intend to send them both:
Come, come; thou 'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Aye, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I 'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come. Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I 'll go brave it at the court;
Aye, marry, will we, sir; and we 'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt Titus, Lavinia, and young Lucius.*

Marc. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart
Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield,
But yet so just that he will not revenge.
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!
[*Exit.*

Scene II

The same. A room in the palace.

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door; and at another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here 's the son of Lucius;

129. *"Revenge, ye heavens,"* Johnson conj.; *"Reuenge the heauens,"* so Qq., Ff.—I. G.

He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Aye, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honors from Andronicus.
[*Aside*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both!

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius: what 's the news?

Boy. [*Aside*] That you are both decipher'd, that 's the news,
For villains mark'd with rape.—May it please you,
My grandsire, well advised, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory
To gratify your honorable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bid me say;
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well:
And so I leave you both, [*Aside*] like bloody villains. [*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

Dem. What 's here? A scroll, and written round about!
Let 's see:
[*Reads*] 'Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'

Chi. O, 'tis a verse in Horace; I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Aye, just; a verse in Horace; right, you have it.

8, 76; omitted in Ff.—I. G.

20–21. "He who is pure in life, and free from sin, needs not the darts of the Moor, nor the bow" (Horace, *Odes,* I. 22).—I. G.

[*Aside*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here 's no sound jest: the old man hath found their guilt,
And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.
But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
And now, young lords, was 't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good, before the palace gate
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a lord
Basely insinuate and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside*] Pray to the devils; the gods have given us over. [*Trumpets sound within.*

26. *"sound"*; Theobald conjectured *"Fond," i. e.* foolish; but *"sound"* is probably to be taken ironically.—I. G.

28. *"beyond their feeling"*; without their perceiving it.—C. H. H.

38. *"insinuate"*; insinuate himself, wind into our favor.—C. H. H.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.
Dem. Soft! who comes here?

Enter Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:
O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?
Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?
Nur. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!
Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?
Nur. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame and stately Rome's disgrace!
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.
Aar. To whom?
Nur. I mean, she is brought a-bed.
Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?
Nur. A devil.
Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam;
A joyful issue.
Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue:
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime:
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. 'Zounds, ye whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.
Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.
Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.
Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone her.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!
Accursed the offspring of so foul a fiend!
Chi. It shall not live.
Aar. It shall not die.
Nur. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.
Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I 'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir!
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!
Ye white-limed walls! ye alehouse painted signs!
Coal-black is better than another hue,
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress, this myself,
The vigor and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer;
This mauger all the world will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there 's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart!
Here 's a young lad framed of another leer:
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say 'Old lad, I am thine own.'
He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;
And from that womb where you imprison'd were
He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[*They sit.*
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords! when we join in league,
I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.
But say, again, how many saw the child?
Nur. Cornelia the midwife and myself;
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.
Aar. The empress, the midwife, and yourself:
Two may keep counsel when the third's away:
Go to the empress, tell her this I said.
[*He kills the nurse.*
Weke, weke!
So cries a pig prepared to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? wherefore didst thou this?
Aar. O Lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no:

144. *"two may keep counsels,"* etc.; this proverb is introduced in *Romeo and Juliet,* Act ii.—H. N. H.

And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanced,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see I have given her physic,
[*Pointing to the Nurse.*
And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[*Exeunt Dem. and Chi. bearing off the Nurse's body.*

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I 'll bear you hence;

164. *"gallant grooms";* stout fellows.—C. H. H.

165. *"take no longer days";* Collier MS., *"make no long delays."*—I. G.

For it is you that puts us to our shifts:
I 'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior and command a camp. [*Exit.*

Scene III

The same. A public place.

Enter Titus, bearing arrows with letters at the ends of them; with him, Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen (Publius, Sempronius, and Caius), with bows.

Tit Come, Marcus, come; kinsmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, let me see your archery;
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terras Astræ reliquit:
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she 's gone, she 's fled.
Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;
Happily you may catch her in the sea;
Yet there 's as little justice as at land:
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;
'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:

2. *"let"*; so Qq., F. 1; Ff. 2, 3, 4, *"now let."*—I. G.
4. *"Terras Astræa reliquit"; i. e.* Astræa (the goddess of Justice) left the earth (Ovid. *Metam.* i. 150).—I. G.

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,
And then it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.
Ah, Rome! Well, well; I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence;
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns
By day and night to attend him carefully,
And feed his humor kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters!
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

16. *"then,"* a misprint for *"that."*—I. G.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I 'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-boned men framed of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear:
And sith there 's no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus; [*He gives them the arrows.*
'Ad Jovem,' that 's for you: here, 'Ad Apollinem:'
'Ad Martem,' that 's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas: here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine;
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy! Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There 's not a god left unsolicited.
Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.
Tit. Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said, Lucius!
Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.
Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

51. *"wreak";* revenge.—H. N. H.

56. *"To Saturn, Caius";* Capell's emendation; Qq., Ff. read *"To Saturnine, to Caius";* Rowe (ed. 1), *"To Cælus and to Saturn";* (ed. 2), *"To Saturn and to Cælus."*—I. G.

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha!
Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy!

Enter a Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. O, the gibbet-maker! he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clo. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clo. Aye, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clo. From heaven! alas, sir, I never came there: God forbid I should be so bold to press to

heaven in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the emperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor:
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; meanwhile here 's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Aye, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I 'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*
Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go. Publius, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The same. Before the palace.

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Chiron, Demetrius, Lords, and others; Saturninus with the Arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these! was ever seen
An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egal justice used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as know the mightful gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd
But even with law against the willful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzy and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heaven for his redress:
See, here 's to Jove, and this to Mercury;
This to Apollo; this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What 's this but libeling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humor, is it not, my lords?

As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know that justice lives
In Saturninus' health; whom, if he sleep,
He 'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierced him deep and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight
Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts. [*Aside*] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor in the port.

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clo. 'Tis he. God and Saint Stephen give you godden: I have brought you a letter and

37. *"Thy life-blood out"*; F. 2, *"ont"*; F. 3, *"on't"*; Walker suggested that a previous line had been lost, but the text seems correct,—"and drawn thy life-blood out."—I. G.

couple of pigeons here. [*Saturninus reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clo. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hanged.

Clo. Hanged! by 'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds;
May this be borne? As if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully!
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age nor honor shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I 'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter Æmilius.

What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause.
The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me, and I hang the head

As flowers with frost or grass beat down with storms:
Aye, now begin our sorrows to approach:
'Tis he the common people love so much;
Myself hath often heard them say,
When I have walked like a private man,
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

Sat. Aye, but the citizens favor Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succor him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody:
Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome.
Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
With golden promises; that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
[*To Æmilius*] Go thou before, be our ambassador:
Say that the emperor requests a parley
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honorably:
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.
Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.
[*Exeunt.*

103. Omitted in Q. 2 and Ff.; the reading of Q. 1.—I. G.

ACT FIFTH

Scene I

Plains near Rome.

Flourish. Enter Lucius and Goths, with drum and colors.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

First Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;
Whose high exploits and honorable deeds
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we 'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flowered fields,
And be avenged on cursed Tamora.

All the Goths. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Sec. Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And, as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:
'Peace, tawny slave, half me and half thy dam!
Did not thy hue bewry whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the babe—
'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

17. *"All the Goths,"* should be *"The other Goths,"* as "the first Goth" is kept distinct.—I. G.

27. *"tawny"; i. e.* a hue between black and white. This is in palpable contradiction with the previous statement that the Moor's child is a "blackamoor."—C. H. H.

Surprised him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.
Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleased your empress' eye;
And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what, deaf? not a word?
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.
Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

[*A ladder brought, which Aaron is made to ascend.*

Aar. Lucius, save the child,
And bear it from me to the empress.
If thou do this, I 'll show thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear:
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I 'll speak no more but 'Vengeance rot you all!'
Luc. Say on: an if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.
Aar. An if it please thee! why, assure thee, Lucius,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;

42. An allusion to the old proverb, "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye" (Malone).—I. G.

For I must talk of murders, rapes and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,
To that I 'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou adorest and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish and bring him up;
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I sware to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, and luxurious woman!

79. Referring to the *"bauble,"* which was a part of the official furniture of a professed fool. See *All's Well that Ends Well,* Act iv. sc. 5.—H. N. H.

Aar. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of charity
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.
Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?
Aar. Why, she was wash'd and cut and trimm'd, and 'twas
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.
Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them:
That codding spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.
Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter:

93. *"And cut her hands"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"And cut her hands off"*; Collier MS., *"Cut her hands off."*—I. G.

102. *"a dog"*; the mastiff, which attacks the bull's or bear's head. —C. H. H.

I pried me through the crevice of a wall
When for his hand he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

First Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Aye, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Aye, that I had not done a thousand more.
Even now I curse the day—and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears.
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,

122. A proverb found in *Ray's* collection.—I. G.

132. *"break their necks";* Malone conj. *"break their necks and die";* Jackson conj. *"stray and break their necks";* Collier MS., *"ofttimes break their necks,"* etc.—I. G.

Have with my knife carved in Roman letters
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil; for he must not die
So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Third Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter Æmilius.

Welcome, Æmilius: what 's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

First Goth. What says our general?

145. *"Bring down"; i. e.* from the ladder.—C. H. H.

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come. March away.
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

Scene II

Rome. Before Titus's house.

Enter Tamora, Demetrius, and Chiron, disguised.

Tam. Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies. [*Knock.*

Enter Titus, above.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceived: for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.
Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my talk,
Wanting a hand to give it action?
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough:
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crimson lines;
Witness these trenches made by grief and care;
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not Tamora;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend:
I am Revenge; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There 's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody murder or detested rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape and Murder stands;
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;

And then I 'll come and be thy wagoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful wagon swift away,
And find out murderers in their guilty caves:
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the wagon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea:
And day by day I 'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers and come with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons they are,
And you the empress! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee;
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit above.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy:
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I 'll make him send for Lucius his son;

And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I 'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or at the least make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus, below.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread Fury, to my woeful house:
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor:
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, Andronicus?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I 'll deal with him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be revenged on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of Rome,
And when thou find'st a man that 's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he 's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he 's a ravisher.

80. *"ply"*; so Qq.; Ff., *"play."*—I. G.

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court
There is a queen, attended by a Moor;
Well mayst thou know her by thine own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee:
I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house;
When he is here, even at the solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Tit. Marcus, my brother! 'tis sad Titus calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths:
Bid him repair to me and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths:
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are:
Tell him the emperor and the empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.
[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I 'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to her sons*] What say you, boys? will you bide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor
How I have govern'd our determined jest?
Yield to his humor, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside*] I know them all, though they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure; leave us here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus: Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge, farewell. [*Exit Tamora.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter Publius and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceived;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:
Caius and Valentine, lay hands on them:
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure;
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit.*

[*Publius, &c. lay hold on Chiron and Demetrius.*

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.
Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter Titus, with Lavinia; he bearing a knife, and she a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me;
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud,
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off and made a merry jest;

162; iii. 52. Omitted in Ff.—I. G.

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forced.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches! how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold
The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me,
And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad:
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I 'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter,
And worse than Progne I will be revenged:
And now prepare your throats. Lavinia, come,
[*He cuts their throats.*
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be baked.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.
So, now bring them in, for I 'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*

Scene III

Court of Titus's house. A banquet set out.

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths, with Aaron, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to Rome, I am content.
First Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear the emperor means no good to us.
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!

204. *"the Centaurs' feast";* the battle between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the marriage feast of Pirithous.—C. H. H.

3. *"ours with thine befall what fortune will";* and our *content* runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.—H. N. H.

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in,
[*Exeunt Goths, with Aaron. Flourish within.*
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter Saturninus and Tamora, with Æmilius, Tribunes, Senators, and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament moe sons than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?
Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;
These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordain'd to an honorable end,
For peace, for love, for league and good to Rome:
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.
Sat. Marcus, we will.
[*Hautboys sound. The Company sit down at table.*

Enter Titus, like a Cook, placing the meat on the table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face, young Lucius, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all: although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attired, Andronicus?
Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:
Was it well done of rash Virginius
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforced, stain'd, and deflower'd?
Sat. It was, Andronicus.
Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?
Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.
Tit. A reason mighty, strong and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!
[*Kills Lavinia.*
Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woeful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage, and it now is done.
Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?
Tam. Why hast thou slain thy own daughter thus?
Tit. Not I; 'twas Chiron and Demetrius:
They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue;
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.
Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.
Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Kills Tamora.*

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Kills Titus.*

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?
There 's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed!

[*Kills Saturninus. A great tumult. Lucius, Marcus, and others go up into the balcony.*

Marc. You sad-faced men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproars sever'd, as a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—
[*To Lucius*] Speak, Rome's dear friend: as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear
The story of that baleful burning night,

73. *"Lest Rome"*; Capell's reading; Qq., Ff., *"Let Rome"*; Malone, *"Lest Rome."*—I. G.

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's Troy:
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it were that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despised, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And oped their arms to embrace me as a friend.
I am the turned forth, be it known to you,
That have preserved her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,

Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise: O, pardon me;
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold the child:
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes:
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
And as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?
Have we done aught amiss, show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak, and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

124. *"And as he is";* so Qq., Ff.; Theobald reads *"Damn'd as he is."*—I. G.

131. *"the poor remainder of Andronici";* that is, *we* the poor remainder, etc., will cast us down.—H. N. H.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our emperor gently in thy hand
Lucius our emperor; for well I know
The common voice do cry it shall be so.
All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!
Marc. Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house,
[*To Attendants.*
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudged some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Lucius, Marcus, and the others descend.

All. Lucius, all hail, Rome's gracious governor!
Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I govern so,
To heal Rome's harms and wipe away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task;
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kissing Titus.*
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!
Marc. Tear for tear and loving kiss for kiss

146. *"Rome's gracious governor";* modern editions generally assign this and the first line of the speech to the assembled Romans. All the old copies make the two lines a part of Marcus' speech. Of course it is to be understood that the people present signify their assent. Moreover, Marcus is Tribune, and so speaks the people's voice, as their organ.—H. N. H.

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them!
Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers: thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danced thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.
Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

Re-enter Attendants with Aaron.

A Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with woes:
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him;
There let him stand and rave and cry for food:

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offense he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.
Aar. O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.
Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave:
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mourning weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey:
Her life was beastly and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Abused, deceived; II. iii. 87.
Accited, cited, summoned; I. i. 27.
Acheron, the river of the infernal regions; (Qq., F. 1, *"Acaron"*); IV. iii. 44.
Achieve, obtain; II. i. 80.
Actæon, the Theban prince transformed by Diana into a stag; II. iii. 63.
Advice; "upon a.," on reflection, on consideration; I. i. 379.
——; "good a.," deliberate consideration; (Collier conj. *"acvice"*); IV. i. 92.
Advised; "well a.," not mad, in his right senses; IV. ii. 10.
Advise thee, consider, deliberate; IV. ii. 129.
Affect, desire; II. i. 105.
Affected, loved; II. i. 28.
Affy, confide; I. i. 47.
Afoot; "well a.," in good health; IV. ii. 29.
After, afterwards; II. iii. 123.
Age, seniority; I. i. 8.
Aim; "give me a.," "give room and scope to my thoughts"; V. iii. 149.
Alcides, Hercules; IV. ii. 95.
Anchorage, anchor; I. i. 73.
Annoy, grief, suffering; IV. i. 49.
Appointed, furnished, equipped; IV. ii. 16.
Approve, prove; II. i. 35.
Approved, tried; V. i. 1.
As, so that; II. iii. 103.
Associate, join; V. iii. 169.
At, on; IV. iii. 9.
Author, cause; I. i. 435.

Baleful; "b. mistletoe," with reference to the supposed poisonous berries of the plant; II. iii. 95.
Bane, mischief; V. iii. 73.
Bay; "at a b.," in my power; (a term taken from hunting); IV. ii. 42.
——, barking; II. ii. 3.
Beholding, beholden; I. i. 396.
Belike, I suppose; IV. ii. 50.
Bewray, betray, reveal; II. iv. 3.
Blowse, "a ruddy fat-faced wench"; IV. ii. 72.
Bonjour, good morning; I. i. 494.
Boots, avails; V. iii. 18.
Brabble, quarrel; II. i. 62.
Bravely, finely, properly; IV. iii. 114.
Braves, defiance, threatening; II. i. 30.
——, defies; II. iii. 126.
Break the parle, open the parley; V. iii. 19.
Brethren (trisyllabic); I. i. 348.
Broach, spit; IV. ii. 85.
Buzz, whisper; IV. iv. 7.

Candidatus, candidate; I. i. 185.
Careful, full of care; IV. iii. 30.

Castle, (?) a close helmet (Theobald, *"casque"*; Walker, *"crest"*); III. i. 170.

Challenged, accused; I. i. 340.

Chaps, wrinkles; V. iii. 77.

Charm, affect by magic power; II. i. 23.

Charming, having the power of fascination; II. i. 16.

Chase, hunting-ground; II. iii. 255.

Cheer, countenance; I. i. 264.

Chequer'd, variegated; II. iii. 15.

Children (trisyllabic); II. iii. 115.

Clean, entirely; I. i. 129.

Close, secret; IV. ii. 118.

Closing with, humoring; V. ii. 70.

Closure, end; V. iii. 134.

Clubs, Clubs, "in any public affray the cry was 'Clubs! Clubs!' by way of calling for persons with clubs to part the combatants" (Nares); II. i. 37.

Cocytus, the infernal river; II. iii. 236.

Codding, lustful; V. i. 99.

Coffin, the crust of a pie; V. ii. 189.

Coil, confusion, ado; III. i. 225.

Common, general; I. i. 21.

Compact, made of, composed; V. iii. 88.

Compassion, compassionate, pity; IV. i. 124.

Complot, plot; II. iii. 265.

Complots, plots; V. i. 65.

Conceit, device, invention; IV. ii. 30.

Conduct, guidance; IV. iv. 65.

Confederate, in league, allied; V. i. 108.

Consecrate, consecrated; I. i. 14; II. i. 121.

Continence, moderation; (Collier MS., *"conscience"*); I. i. 15.

Controll'd, hindered; I. i. 420.

Convenient, proper, becoming; V. ii. 90.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; I. i. 12.

Couch, lie hidden; V. ii. 38.

Cousin, niece; (used for any kinsman or kinswoman); II. iv. 12.

Cozen'd, cheated; V. iii. 101.

Cut, cut off; V. i. 93.

Cyclops, the giant servants of Vulcan; IV. iii. 46.

Dancing-rapier, a sword worn only for ornament at dancing; II. i. 39.

Days; "no longer d.," no more time; IV. ii. 165.

Deadly-standing, menacing death; II. iii. 32.

Dear, grievous; (Hanmer, *"dire"*); III. i. 257.

——, dearly; IV. i. 23.

Decipher'd, detected; IV. ii. 8.

Decreed, decided, determined; II. iii. 274.

Decrees, resolutions; V. ii. 11.

Despite; "in my d.," in defiance of me; I. i. 361.

Detect, expose; II. iv. 27.

Dian, Diana; II. iii. 61.

Discover, reveal; V. i. 85.

Dispose, dispose of; IV. ii. 173.

Distract, distracted; IV. iii. 26.

Dominator, ruler; II. iii. 31.

Doubted, suspected; II. iii. 68.

Dreadful, full of dread; II. i. 128.

Drive upon, rush upon, attack; II. iii. 64.

Dumps, melancholy; I. i. 391.

Ecstasies, madness; IV. iv. 21.
Ecstasy, excitement; IV. i. 125.
Egal, equal; IV. iv. 4.
Embracement, embrace; V. ii. 68.
Embrewed, bathed in blood; II. iii. 222.
Emperial's, a blunder for *emperor's;* IV. iii. 94.
Empery, empire, dominion; I. i. 19.
Empress (trisyllabic; Q. 1, Ff. 1, 2, *"Empresse"*; Q. 2, *"Emperesse"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Emperess"*); I. i. 320.
Enacts, working; IV. ii. 118.
Enceladus, a giant of ancient fable; IV. ii. 93.
Enforced, forced; V. iii. 38.
Engine, instrument; III. i. 82.
Entreats, entreaties; I. i. 449.
Escape, escapade, transgression; IV. ii. 113.
Exclaims, outcries, lamentations; (Keightley, *"exclaim"*; Anon. conj. *"extremes"*); IV. i. 86.
Extent, maintenance, application; IV. iv. 3.

Fact, evil deed; IV. i. 39.
Fat, fatten; III. i. 204.
Fear, fear for; II. iii. 305.
Feed, food; IV. iv. 93.
Fell, fallen; II. iv. 50.
Fere, spouse; IV. i. 89.
Fire (dissyllabic); I. i. 127.
Flood, sea; IV. ii. 103.
Fond, foolish; II. iii. 172.
For, as for; IV. iii. 39.
——, through; IV. i. 21.
Forfend, forbid; I. i. 434.
Forth, out of; III. i. 84.
Found, found out, discovered; IV. ii. 26.
Framed, formed, fashioned; IV. iii. 46.
Fraught, freight; I. i. 71.
Funeral, burial; IV. ii. 163.
Funerals, obsequies; I. i. 381.

Gad, sharp point; IV. i. 103.
Gear, business; IV. iii. 52.
Gentleness, kindness; I. i. 237.
Glad, gladden; I. i. 166.
Glistering, glittering; II. i. 7.
Gloze, make mere words; IV. iv. 35.
God-den, good evening; IV. iv. 43.
Good; "were as g.," might just as well; IV. iii. 57.
Gramercy, many thanks; I. i. 495.
Gratulate, make glad, gratify; I. i. 221.
Gray; "morn gray,"=blue; (Hanmer, *"gay"*); II. ii. 1.
Griefs, grievances; I. i. 443.

Hale, drag; V. ii. 51.
Hap, chance; V. ii. 101.
Happily, perchance, perhaps; IV. iii. 8.
Happy, opportune; II. iii. 23.
Head; "fought at head"; "an allusion to bulldogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front and seizing his nose" (Johnson); V. i. 102.
Heaviness, sadness, sorrow; III. ii. 49.
Heavy, sad; III. i. 277.
——, sad; IV. iii. 25.
Hecuba, the wife of Priam, King of Troy; IV. i. 20.
High-witted, sly, cunning; IV. iv. 35.
Himself; "not with h.," *i. e.* beside himself; I. i. 368.
His, its; III. i. 97.
Holp'st, didst help; IV. iv. 59.

Home, to the quick; II. i. 118.
Honesty, chastity; II. iii. 135.
Honey-stalks, *i. e.* "Clover flowers, which contain a sweet juice. It is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover, and die" (Johnson); IV. iv. 91.
Horse, horses; II. ii. 18.
Hyperion, the Sun god; V. ii. 56.

Ignomy, ignominy, shame; IV. ii. 115.
Imperious, imperial; (Q. 2, Ff., *"imperiall"*); I. i. 250; IV. iv. 81.
Incorporate, incorporated; I. i. 462.
Increase, produce; V. ii. 192.
Indifferently, impartially; I. i. 430.
Ingrateful, ungrateful; V. i. 12.
Inherit, possess; II. iii. 3.
Insult on, exult, triumph; III. ii. 71.
Intercepted, restrained; II. iii. 80.

Jet upon, *i. e.* "treat with insolence," (Qq., *"iet"*; Ff., *"set"*; Malone, *"jut"*); II. i. 64.
Joy, enjoy; II. iii. 83.
Just, just so, exactly; IV. ii. 24.

Kind, nature; II. i. 116.

Laertes' son, Ulysses; I. i. 380.
Lamenting doings, lamentations; [Anon. MS. conj. apud Theobald, *"dronings"* for *"doings"*]; III. ii. 62.
Lasting, everlasting; II. iii. 275.
Lave, wash, bathe; IV. ii. 103.
Learn, teach; II. iii. 143.
Leave, cease; I. i. 424.
Leer, complexion; IV. ii. 119.
Leisure; "by l.," in no hurry; I. i. 301.
Like, equal; V. iii. 200.
Limbo, the borders of hell, or hell itself; the *Limbus patrum,* as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighborhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his "Paradise of Fools"; III. i. 149.
List, pleases; IV. i. 100.
Lively, living; III. i. 105.
Loaden, laden; V. ii. 53.
Loose, loosen my hold; II. iii. 243.
——, loosen your bow, let fly; IV. iii. 58.
Luxurious, lustful; V. i. 88.

Madded, maddened; III. i. 104.
Manes; "ad manes fratrum," *i. e.* "to the shades of my brothers," (Qq., Ff. 1, 2, *"manus"*); I. i. 98.
Mauger, in spite of; IV. ii. 110.
Mean, means; II. iv. 40.
Meed, recompense; V. iii. 66.
Mesh'd, mashed; (a brewer's term); III. ii. 38.
Mightful, full of might; IV. iv. 5.
Minion, pert, saucy person; II. iii. 124.
Mistership, a blunder for "mistress-ship"; IV. iv. 40.
Mock, derision, scorn; IV. iv. 58.
Moe, more; V. iii. 17.

NAPKIN, handkerchief; III. i. 140.
NILUS, the Nile; III. i. 71.
NOTE, notice; (Pope's emendation of Qq., Ff., *"notice"*); II. iii. 85.

O'ERCOME, covered; II. iii. 95.
OF, by; II. iii. 167.
——, from; III. ii. 44.
——, on; IV. iii. 59.
OFFICIOUS, ready, helpful; V. ii. 202.
ON, in; II. iii. 223.
——; "set fire on," *i. e.* set fire to; V. i. 133.
ONSET, beginning; I. i. 238.
OPINION, reputation; I. i. 416.
OVER-WEEN; "dost o.," art presumptuous; II. i. 29.

PACK, plot; IV. ii. 155.
PAINTED HOPE, (*v.* Note); II. iii. 126.
PALLIAMENT, robe; I. i. 182.
PARCEL, part; II. iii. 49.
PART, depart; I. i. 488.
PASSING, surpassingly; II. iii. 84.
PASSION, violent sorrow; I. i. 106.
PASSIONATE, express sorrowfully; III. ii. 6.
PATIENT; "p. yourself," *i. e.* be patient; I. i. 121.
PERFORCE, of necessity; II. i. 107.
PER STYGA, PER MANES VEHOR, *i. e.* I am borne through the Styx, through the kingdom of the dead; II. i. 135.
PHILOMEL, the daughter of Pandion, ravished by Tereus, who afterwards cut out her tongue to prevent her exposing him; II. iii. 43.
PHŒBE, Diana; (Qq., F. 1, *"Thebe"*); I. i. 316.
PIECE, used contemptuously of a person; I. i. 309.
PITCH, used of the height to which a falcon soars; II. i. 14.
PITEOUSLY, in a manner exciting pity; (Heath conj. *"pitilessly"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"piteousless"*; Collier MS., *"despiteously"*); V. i. 66.
PLOTS, spots of ground; II. i. 115.
POWER, armed force; III. i. 300; IV. iv. 63.
PRESENT, immediate, instant; II. iii. 173.
PRESENTLY, immediately; II. iii. 62; IV. ii. 166.
PRIZE; "played your p.," "a technical term in the ancient fencing-school"; I. i. 399.
PROGNE, wife of Tereus, to whom, in revenge for her sister Philomela, she slaughtered and served up his son Itys to eat; V. ii. 196.
PROPOSE, be ready to meet; II. i. 80.
PUT IT UP, put up with it; I. i. 433.
PUT UP, *i. e.* sheathe your swords; II. i. 53.

QUIT, requite, revenge; I. i. 141.
QUOTES, observes, examines; IV. i. 50.

RAPIER, small sword; IV. ii. 85.
RAPINE, rape; V. ii. 59.
RE-EDIFIED, restored; I. i. 351.
REMEMBERED; "be you r.," remember; IV. iii. 5.
REPREHENDING, reproving, reprimanding; III. ii. 69.
REQUITE, revenge; III. i. 297.
RESERVED, preserved, kept safe; I. i. 165.
RESOLVE, tell; V. iii. 35.
ROLLED, coiled; (Collier MS., *"coiled"*); II. iii. 13.

Rue, pity; I. i. 105.

Ruffle, be turbulent and disorderly; I. i. 313.

Sacred; (used ironically, with perhaps a quibble on the Latin use = accursed); II. i. 120.

Sanguine, blood-colored; IV. ii. 97.

Saturn, the planet of hate and gloom; II. iii. 31.

Scath, injury; V. i. 7.

Secure of, safe from; II. i. 3.

Self-blood, selfsame blood; IV. ii. 123.

Semiramis, the queen of Assyria, proverbial for her voluptuousness and cruelty; II. iii. 118.

Sensibly; "endowed with the same feelings as you"; IV. ii. 122.

Sequence; "in s.," one after the other; IV. i. 37.

Sequester'd, separated; (Qq., Ff., *"sequestred"*); II. iii. 75.

Servile, slavish; (Q. 2, Ff., *"idle"*); II. i. 18.

Shall, will; IV. iv. 107.

Shape, form; IV. iv. 57.

Shive, slice; II. i. 87.

Sibyl, one of the Roman prophetesses; IV. i. 105.

Single, isolate; "s. you," bring unattended; II. i. 117.

Sinon, the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to carry the wooden horse into Troy; V. iii. 85.

Sit fas aut nefas, be it right or wrong; (a popular Latin phrase); II. i. 133.

Sith, since; I. i. 271.

——, since; IV. iii. 49.

Slip, scion; V. i. 9.

Smooth, flatter; IV. iv. 96.

Solemn, ceremonious; II. i. 112.

Solon's happiness, alluding to Solon's saying that no man can be pronounced happy before his death; I. i. 177.

Some deal, somewhat; III. i. 245.

Somewhat, something; IV. i. 9.

Somewhither, somewhere, to some place or other; IV. i. 11.

Speak fair, humor; V. ii. 140.

Speed, succeed; (Delius conj. *"speak"*); I. i. 372.

Spleenful, hot, eager; II. iii. 191.

Spurn, hurt, stroke; III. i. 101.

Square, quarrel; II. i. 100.

——, shape; III. ii. 31.

Stale, laughing-stock; I. i. 304.

Stand on, insist on; IV. iv. 105.

Starved, benumbed with cold; III. i. 252.

Stay'd, detained; II. iii. 181.

Still, always, continually; III. ii. 30.

——, constant; III. ii. 45.

Stint, stop, silence; IV. iv. 86.

Stood upon, set a high value upon; II. iii. 124.

Straight, straightway, immediately; I. i. 127.

Stuprum, violation; IV. i. 78.

Subscribe, submit; IV. ii. 130.

Succeed, succeeded; I. i. 40.

Successantly, (?) following after another, or, perhaps, successfully; (Rowe, *"successfully"*; Capell, *"incessantly"*; Collier conj. *"thou instantly"*; Cartwright conj. *"you instantly"*); IV. iv. 113.

Successive; "my s. title," "my title to the succession"; I. i. 4.

Suppose, supposition; I. i. 440.

Surance, assurance; V. ii. 46.

Suum cuique, to every man his due; I. i. 280.

Swarth, swarthy, black; (Q. 1,

"swartie"; Capell, *"swarty"*); II. iii. 72.

Sweet water, perfumed water; II. iv. 6.

Swelling, full to bursting; V. iii. 13.

Swounded, swooned, fainted; V. i. 119.

Take up, make up; IV. iii. 92.

Tedious, laborious; II. iv. 39.

Temper, shape, mould; IV. iv. 109.

——, mix; V. ii. 200.

Tendering, caring for; I. i. 476.

That, that which; I. i. 408.

Threat, threaten; II. i. 40.

Threats, threatens; IV. iv. 67.

Ticed, enticed; II. iii. 92.

Timeless, untimely; II. iii. 265.

Titan, the sun-god; I. i. 226.

To, into; I. i. 421.

Tofore, before; III. i. 294.

Train'd, enticed; V. i. 104.

Tribunal plebs, a blunder for "tribunus plebis"=the tribune of the people; IV. iii. 92.

Trump, trumpet; I. i. 275.

Tully's Orator, *i. e.* Cicero's *De Oratore;* IV. i. 14.

Turn, return; V. ii. 141.

Typhon, *i. e.* Typhœus, one of the giants of ancient fables; IV. ii. 94.

Uncouple, loosen the hounds; II. ii. 3.

Uncouth, strange, perplexing; II. iii. 211.

Undertake, answer for, guarantee; I. i. 436.

Unfurnish'd, deprived; II. iii. 56.

Unjustice, injustice; IV. iv. 18.

Unkind, unnatural; V. iii. 48.

Unrecuring, past cure, incurable; III. i. 90.

Unroll, uncoil; II. iii. 35.

Up and down, exactly, at all points; V. ii. 107.

Uprise, rising; III. i. 159.

Urchins, hedgehogs; II. iii. 101.

Virgo, the constellation of that name; (in the old myth it represents Astræa, after she left the Earth); IV. iii. 64.

Voice, vote; I. i. 21.

Vouch, make good; I. i. 360.

Wags, moves; V. ii. 87.

Wall-eyed, fierce-eyed; V. i. 44.

Ware, wore; I. i. 6.

Weeds, garments; I. i. 70.

Welkin, sky; III. i. 212.

Well said, well done; IV. iii. 63.

What, why; I. i. 189.

Whenas, when; IV. iv. 92.

White-limed, white-washed; IV. ii. 98.

Who, whom; II. iii. 55.

Wind, scent; IV. i. 97.

——; "have the w. of you," keep an eye upon you; IV. ii. 133.

Wit, mental power; (Warburton, *"will"*); II. i. 10.

With, by; II. iii. 78.

Witty, possessed of wit; IV. ii. 29.

Wot, know; II. i. 48.

Wreak, vengeance; IV. iii. 33.

Wreaks, resentments; IV. iv. 11.

Wrongfully, wrongful; IV. iv. 76.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Jean M. Vincent, A.B.

GENERAL

1. What was the origin of the play? To what well-known early writer are portions of the play directly traceable?

2. Give the date of the first printing of *Titus Andronicus.*

3. What is the general opinion of critics regarding the authorship of this play?

4. In the history of the Roman Empire what account is found of a war with the Goths?

5. What passion is this play the portrayal of?

ACT I

6. Through what achievements has Titus Andronicus merited the favor of the Romans?

7. Upon what claims do Saturninus and Bassianus base their rights to the throne?

8. Describe the influence of Marcus Andronicus upon the entire action of the play.

9. To whom does Titus Andronicus refer as the "great defender of this Capitol?"

10. What plea does Tamora make to Titus? How does the refusal influence the future action?

11. What is the flaw in the character of Titus?

12. To what superstition does Lucius refer in lines 100 and 101 of scene i, when he says "That so the shadows be not appeased, Nor we disturbed with prodigies on earth."

13. How does Saturninus repay the honor done him by Titus Andronicus?

14. Is Saturninus' choice of an empress instigated by love or policy?

15. Describe the death of Mutius? How does it further convey the impression of the degrading influence of forty years of war on Titus?

16. How does the character of Tamora appear in her advice to Saturninus—lines 442–455, scene i?

ACT II

17. What are the ambitions of Aaron as revealed in his speech at the opening of Act II?

18. How is the revenge of Tamora worked out in the course suggested by Aaron to Demetrius and Chiron?

19. What two well-known proverbs are referred to by Demetrius?

20. What dramatic details in scenes i and ii suggest the doubt of the authenticity of the play?

21. How is Shakespeare's fondness of presentiments suggested by the troubled sleep of Titus?

22. Show how the plot is unfolded by the passage between Tamora and Aaron.

23. How is the motive power of Tamora felt through the entire play? What are her characteristics?

24. What is the story of Tereus referred to by Marcus?

ACT III

25. Show the contrast between the characters of Titus and Lucius in the opening of this Act.

26. How does the extremity of sorrow affect the character of Titus?

27. What motive had Saturninus in asking for the hand of Titus?

28. Describe the nobility of Lucius in scene i. How does he offer to spare his father?

29. Is it like Shakespeare to portray a character which has no redeeming trait, such as that of Aaron?

30. Was the hatred of Saturninus for Titus on his own account or was it nourished by Tamora? What action shows his extreme hatred and scorn?

31. What purpose does Lucius express in response to Titus?

32. What is the dramatic use of the character of the Boy?

33. When does Titus begin to feign madness? Is there reason for thinking it may not be feigned?

ACT IV

34. How does Lavinia contrive to tell her story?

35. What is the meaning of the lines from Horace which Titus sends to the sons of Tamora?

36. What does the scene with Aaron and his chief show in regard to his nature?

37. When is the madness of Titus, whether feigned or real, first recognized by Marcus and others?

38. Why is the clown introduced into scenes iii and iv?

39. Compare the strength of the character of Tamora with that of Saturninus?

40. What does Tamora mean when she says "But Titus, I have touched thee to the quick"? and what by, "if Aaron now be wise"?

41. How does Saturninus show his knowledge of his lack of popularity with the Romans?

ACT V

42. How is the treatment given by Saturninus to Titus looked upon by the Goths? Does this show the worthiness and nobility of Titus as well as the treachery of Saturninus?

43. What is the appeal of Aaron to Lucius and what does he offer him?

44. What tribute does Aaron pay Lucius in this scene?

Is not Lucius the only character to whom he shows respect?

45. How does Lucius treat the message brought by Æmelius?

46. Is Tamora deceived by the madness of Titus? Describe the battle of wits between the two.

47. How is the action of Lavinia in scene iii inconsistent with the previous representation of her character?

48. Are the exaggerated cruelties of this play intended only to give the idea of the evil of Revenge? Does the author seek to show that the innocent as well as the guilty are sacrificed by this passion?

49. What is the motive for the killing of Lavinia?

50. Show the final punishment of Tamora and Aaron.

51. How does Lucius triumph in the end?

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

All the unsigned footnotes in this volume are by the writer of the article to which they are appended. The interpretation of the initials signed to the others is: I. G. = Israel Gollancz, M.A.; H. N. H.= Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.; C. H. H.= C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

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PREFACE

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

THE EARLY EDITIONS

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was first published, in quarto, in 1609, with the following title-page:—

"The late, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre. | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | aduentures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | MARIANA. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banckside. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson,* and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Paternoster row, &c. | 1609. | "[1]

A second quarto appeared in the same year; a third in 1611; a fourth in 1619; a fifth in 1630; a sixth in 1635.

These quarto editions are sufficient evidence for the popularity of the play; its omission from the First and Second Folios is all the more significant: it was reprinted, however, from the Sixth Quarto, in the Folios of 1664 and 1685, which included "seven plays never before printed in Folio," viz.: *Pericles, Prince of Tyre; The London Prodigal; The History of Thomas, Lord Cromwell; Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham; The Puritan Widow; A Yorkshire Tragedy; The Tragedy of Locrine.*

[1] This quarto and the Second have been reproduced in facsimile in Dr. Furnivall's Quarto-Series.

THE AUTHENTICITY OF THE PLAY

In dealing with the authorship of *Pericles* two facts must be borne in mind:—(i) the verdict of the Editors of the First Folio in rejecting it from their volume; (ii) the early allusions and early traditions which associate the play with Shakespeare's name; thus, in 1646, S. Shepherd wrote:—

> "with Sophocles we may
> Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
> Never like him his Fancy could display,
> Witness the Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."

The writer of these lines must have been voicing the opinion of many enthusiastic spectators of "the much-admired play"; J. Tatham, however, uttered the views of the more critical faction, when in 1652 he quoted this censure:—

> "Shakespeare, the Plebeian driller, was
> Foundered in's Pericles, and must not pass."

Pericles indeed seems to have become almost proverbial for a bad play successful in hitting the tastes of the masses.

> "And if it prove so happy as to please,
> We'll say 'tis fortunate like Pericles";

so wrote Robert Tailor, in the Prologue to *The Hog hath lost his Pearl.*

Ben Jonson in his Ode "*Come leaue the loathed stage*" (1629–1630), singled out for special scorn

> "some mouldy tale
> Like Pericles";

while Owen Feltham reminded him frankly that certain portions of his own *New Inn*

> "throw a stain
> Through all the unlikely plot, and do displease
> As deep as Pericles."

It must be observed that there is no reference in these latter quotations to Shakespeare's alleged authorship. Subsequently, Dryden accepted the play, while Pope rejected it, and the early editors down to the time of Malone followed his example; since the time of Steevens it has been included in the Canon, its doubtful character, however, being generally recognized. "I must acquit," wrote Steevens in opposition to Malone's views, "even the irregular and lawless Shakespeare of having constructed the fabric of the drama, though he has certainly bestowed some decoration on its parts. Yet even this decoration, like embroidery on a blanket, only serves by contrast to expose the meanness of the original materials." Happily modern criticism corroborates the judgment of the First Editors, condemns a great part of *Pericles* as altogether un-Shakespearean, and relieves the poet of all the offensive and loathsome scenes of "the moldy tale." Shakespeare's hand cannot be traced in the first two Acts, nor in the coarse portions of Act IV, viz. scenes ii, v, and vi; his work is "the strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of Marina," and is to be found in the last three acts of the play. Mr. Fleay has extracted the precious metal from the alloy, and the result is a charming Shakespearean Romance [1]—"a kind of prologue" to the glorious group of "Romances" belonging to the close of his literary career.

DATE OF COMPOSITION

The date inferred from the connection of the "Marina portion" of *Pericles* with the last plays of Shakespeare is borne out by external evidence, as well as by more minute internal considerations. The title-page of the first edition, the reference to it as "a new play" in a metrical pamphlet entitled *Pimlyco* published in 1609, the publication in 1608 of a novel based upon it "as lately represented," all point to *circa* 1607–1608 as the date of Shakespeare's part: this view is strongly confirmed by metrical

[1] Published by the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874.

tests which make it contemporary with *Antony and Cleopatra*.

No scholar would now venture to support Dryden's statement in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675:—

> "Shakespear's own Muse her Pericles first bore,
> The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor:
> 'Tis miracle to see a first good play;
> All Hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."

GEORGE WILKINS AND PERICLES

It is possible to differentiate no less than three styles in the play of *Pericles*. Shakespeare's share has already been assigned to him: in all probability Act IV, scenes v and vi, are not by the author of the first two Acts and the short line chorus. The author of the latter portion was certainly George Wilkins, who in 1608 brought out a novel, "being the true history of the play, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower"; he lays claim to the play as a "poor infant of his brain," and his claim is justifiable, (*vide* Delius, *Preface to Pericles*, and especially Mr. Fleay's valuable essay on *Pericles*, read before the *New Shakespeare Society*, 1874).

The third author may have been W. Rowley, who was joined with Wilkins and John Day in writing *The Travels of the three English Brothers*, etc.; this point is, however, a matter of conjecture, and the evidence is not altogether convincing.

SOURCES OF THE PLOT

The direct sources of *Pericles* were Laurence Twine's *Patterne of Paineful Adventures*, published in 1576, and Gower's collection of metrical tales called "*Confessio Amantis*"; both these works were consulted for the famous story of *Apollonius of Tyre*. Gower was indebted for his tale to Godfrey of Viterbo's *Pantheon*, a Latin work of the 12th century; Twine probably reprinted an earlier 16th century version, derived from a French source. The story

was among the most widespread stories of the Middle Ages; its original was probably in Greek; the earliest allusion to the Latin version belongs to the middle of the 8th century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the 11th century (*cp.* Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum;* P. Z. Round's *Preface to Quarto-Facsimile;* Dunlop's *History of Fiction,* etc.).

The name "Pericles" in place of "Apollonius" may have been derived from Sidney's *Arcadia.*

DURATION OF ACTION

The action of the play covers a period of from fifteen to sixteen years, of which fourteen days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the Choruses:—

Day 1. Act I, sc. i.—*Interval.*
Day 2. Act I, sc. ii, iii.—*Interval.*
Day 3. Act I, sc. iv.—*Interval, 2nd Chorus.*
Day 4. Act II, sc. i.
Day 5. Act II, sc. ii, iii, iv.
Day 6. Act II, sc. v.—*Interval, 3rd Chorus.*
Day 7. Act III, sc. i.
Day 8. Act III, sc. ii.—*Interval.*
Day 9. Act III, sc. iii, iv.—*Interval, 14 years, 4th Chorus.*
Day 10. Act IV, sc. i.—*Interval.*
Day 11. Act IV, sc. ii, iii.—*Interval, 5th Chorus* (Act IV, sc. iv).
Day 12. Act IV, sc. v, vi.—*Interval, 6th Chorus.*
Day 13. Act V, sc. i.—*Interval, 7th Chorus* (Act V, sc. ii).
Day 14. Act V, sc. iii (*cp.* Daniel's "*Time-Analysis of Shakespeare's Plays*").

INTRODUCTION

By Henry Norman Hudson, A.M.

"The late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true relation of the whole History, Adventures, and Fortunes of the said Prince; as also the no less strange and worthy accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Marina. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesty's Servants, at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the sign of the Sun in Paternoster-row, &c., 1609."

Such is the title-page of the earliest known edition of *Pericles*, which was a quarto pamphlet of thirty-five leaves. The play was also reissued in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635; but was not included in any collection of the Poet's dramas, till the folio of 1664.

There can be little doubt that the first issue of *Pericles* was unauthorized; and from the broken and disordered state of the text it seems not improbable that the copy may have been made up, in part at least, from short-hand reports taken at the theater. The play, along with *Antony and Cleopatra*, was entered at the Stationers by Edward Blount, on May 20, 1608, as "The Book of Pericles, Prince of Tyre." Whether the issue of 1609 had any connection with this entry, and, if so, why it was "imprinted" for Gosson instead of Blount, are matters not likely to be ascertained. Blount may have transferred his interest to Gosson, or the latter may have managed to get a copy in advance of the former. As the play was vastly popular on the stage, this of course would render the company the more unwilling to let it be printed, and at the

same time render publishers the more eager to get hold of it. Mr. Collier has discovered that different copies of the first issue vary considerably in the text; which shows that corrections were made while the matter was going through the press. It seems not unlikely, too, from this circumstance, that the work was done with some haste, and perhaps alterations made as they were gathered from the lips of the actors while the printing was going on.

Touching the authorship of *Pericles*, there is room for a good deal of discussion. That Shakespeare did enough in the play to warrant the assigning of it to him, we have no doubt. Even if there were no external evidence to the point, his mighty hand is too manifest in some parts, to admit of any question on this score. And it is very considerable, that where his workmanship is most apparent, it is clearly the workmanship of the master, not of the apprentice. And here it is to be noted, that the play was regarded as *new* in 1608. We have already seen that in the title-page of the first edition it was called "the *late* and much admired play." A novel, also, of which more presently, expressly founded on the play, and published in 1608, speaks of it as "*lately* presented"; and it is spoken of as "a *new* play" in a poetical tract called Pimlico or Run Red-cap, printed in 1609. That the play could not *all* have been written by Shakespeare at or about that time, is evident enough. But whether the whole of it were written then, Shakespeare working at it conjointly with another person; or whether it were an old play by some other hand, then repaired and brought upon the stage by Shakespeare; or whether it were a juvenile effort of his, at that time revised by him, and enriched in some parts with the effluence of his full-blown genius;—these are questions about which there have been and will most likely continue to be various opinions.

Our own opinion, so far as we have any, runs strongly, we confess, to the latter alternative; though much the greater number of critics and editors have taken to one of the others. But their judgment, in this as in several other

like cases, seems not a little disqualified by the circumstance of its having mainly proceeded on what we regard as utterly false grounds. For, in effect, they do not allow the Poet ever to have been a boy in the drama: the principle of nearly all their reasoning on such points is, that he was indeed a man of wonderful genius, but of little judgment; and that both his genius and his art were nearly or quite full-grown as soon as born. As we hold his judgment to have been at least equal to his genius; as we fully believe that there was, after all, a good deal of human nature in him, and that he grew and ripened up, faster, indeed, and higher than others, but yet by the usual methods of practice and experience; of course our conclusion in this and other like cases is something different from theirs. And, to bring the whole of this play within the probable range of Shakespeare's workmanship, nothing seems wanting but the simple admission that, beginning we know not how feebly and unskillfully, he had to go through some exercise of the "prentice hand" in order to attain the master's hand. With this understanding, and making, withal, due allowance for the way in which the first edition appears to have been got up, we can discover nothing in the play below the boyhood of such a man as Shakespeare; though it certainly has many things not above the manhood of several who were contemporary with him.

Nor are we without some pretty good evidence that *Pericles* was in fact among the Poet's earliest performances. Dryden, in his Prologue to Charles Davenant's *Circe*, written in 1675, which was less than sixty years after Shakespeare's death, has the following:

> "Shakespeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore;
> The Prince of Tyre was elder than his Moor."

Dryden was at this time in his forty-fourth year, and had been a writer for the stage twelve years. He was an intimate friend of Sir William Davenant, whose last work was an alteration of *The Tempest* executed in conjunction with Dryden. Sir William was the sometime reputed son

of Shakespeare, born in 1606, and a writer for the stage as early as 1626. The rest of the argument for the competency of Dryden's testimony is thus stated by Knight: "Of the original actors in Shakespeare's plays, Dryden himself might have known, when he was a young man, John Lowin, who kept the Three-Pigeons Inn at Brentford, and died very old, a little before the Restoration; and Joseph Taylor, who died in 1653, although, according to the tradition of the stage, he was old enough to have played *Hamlet* under Shakespeare's immediate instruction; and Richard Robinson, who served in the army of Charles I, and has an historical importance through having been shot to death by Harrison, after he had laid down his arms. It is impossible to doubt, then, that Dryden was a competent reporter of the traditions of the stage. We can picture the young poet, naturally anxious to approach as closely to Shakespeare as possible, taking a cheerful cup with poor Lowin in his humble inn, and listening to the old man's recital of the recollections of his youth amidst those scenes from which he was banished by the violence of civil war and the fury of Puritanical intolerance."

Another point of no little weight has reference to Sidney's *Arcadia.* Sir Philip Sidney died in 1586, and his *Arcadia* was published in 1590, under the care of his sister, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke. But even before publication, the *Arcadia* had become largely known in manuscript, and a great favorite wherever known. Soon afterwards, it grew to be the most popular book of the age. Shakespeare, from his early social and poetical connections after establishing himself in London, could not have been either ignorant or incurious respecting a treasure of romance so much distinguished. That he had some acquaintance, either by reading or hearing, with its contents, before it came from the press, is, to say the least, highly probable. And it is certain that *Pericles* was written when the author's mind was fresh and warm from the hearing or the reading of that then literary wonder. We subjoin the argument on this point as given by Steevens:

"It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage, and, when his subordinate heroes were advanced to such honor, how happened it that *Pyrocles*, their leader, should be overlooked? Musidorus his companion, Argalus and Parthenia, Phalantus and Eudora, Andromana, etc., furnished titles for different tragedies; and perhaps *Pyrocles*, in the present instance, was defrauded of a like distinction. The names invented or employed by Sidney had once such popularity that they were sometimes borrowed by poets who did not profess to follow the direct current of his fables, or attend to the strict preservation of his characters. All circumstances therefore considered, it is not improbable that Shakespeare designed his chief character to be called *Pyrocles*, not *Pericles*, however ignorance or accident might have shuffled the latter into the place of the former. This conjecture will amount almost to certainty, if we diligently compare *Pericles* with the *Pyrocles* of the *Arcadia*. The same romantic, versatile, and sensitive disposition is ascribed to both characters, and several of the incidents pertaining to the latter are found mingled with the adventures of the former personage; while, throughout the play, the obligations of its author to various other parts of the romance may be frequently and distinctly traced, not only in the assumption of an image or a sentiment, but in the adoption of the very words of his once popular predecessor; proving incontestably the Poet's familiarity with the *Arcadia* to have been very considerable."

To which we have but to add, that the names *Pyrocles* and *Pericles* are so nearly the same in sound, that the slight change may be well enough accounted for by supposing the Poet's acquaintance with the *Arcadia* to have been made by the ear, not by the eye; and that the resemblances between the play and the romance are such as would naturally result from a vivid recollection of the contents of the latter, rather than from a present study of them or reference to them. Allowing, then, the play to have been originally written as early at least as 1590, and some parts of it re-

written in 1608, this will sufficiently account for the great diversity of style, without supposing more than one hand in the composition, and at the same time account for its being regarded as a new play at the latter date.

But we have not yet fully given the external evidence for assigning *Pericles* to Shakespeare. We lay no stress, here, on the appearance of his name in the title-page of the first edition; as several other plays were in like manner fathered upon him, such as *The Life of Sir John Oldcastle* and *The London Prodigal*, which it is all but certain he had no hand in writing. In the case of *Pericles*, however, there seems to have been a constant and unquestioned tradition, inferring that it was rightly published as his. In *The Times Displayed*, a poem published in 1646, and dedicated by S. Shepherd to the Earl of Pembroke, occurs the following:

> "See him whose tragic scenes Euripides
> Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
> Compare great Shakespeare: Aristophanes
> Never like him his fancy could display:
> Witness The Prince of Tyre, his Pericles."

And six years later, J. Tatham, in some lines prefixed to Richard Brome's *Jovial Crew*, compliments himself at Shakespeare's expense, thus:

> "But Shakespeare, the plebeian driller, was
> Founder'd in his Pericles, and must not pass."

All which, together with the lines before quoted from Dryden, the title-pages of the five quarto issues, and the including of it in the folio of 1664, is external evidence amply sufficient to offset the non-appearance of the play in the folio of 1623; while the still stronger evidence furnished by the play itself quite precludes any doubt being made as to the authorship from that circumstance. Still the question arises, why *Pericles* alone of Shakespeare's plays should not have been included in that collection. This, we apprehend may be sufficiently accounted for in that the copyright was already vested in another party,

while the great and long-continued popularity of the play made it for his interest to retain the exclusive control of it. However, on this point, we may as well give the statement of Mr. Collier; which we the rather do, that it differs in some respects from our own judgment as already expressed.

"An opinion," says he, "has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it is well founded, that two hands are to be traced in the composition of *Pericles*. The larger part of the first three acts were in all probability the work of an inferior dramatist: to these Shakespeare added comparatively little; but he found it necessary, as the story advanced and the interest increased, to insert more of his own composition. His hand begins to be distinctly seen in the third act, and afterwards we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare found a drama on the story in possession of one of the companies performing in London, and that, in accordance with the ordinary practice of the time, he made additions to and improvements in it, and procured it to be represented at the Globe Theater. Who might be the author of the original piece, it would be vain to conjecture. Although we have no decisive proof that Shakespeare ever worked in immediate concert with any of his contemporaries, it was the custom with nearly all the dramatists of his day, and it is not impossible that such was the case with *Pericles*.

"The circumstance that it was a joint production may partly account for the non-appearance of *Pericles* in the folio of 1623. Ben Jonson, when printing the volume of his works, in 1616, excluded for this reason *The Case is Altered*, and *Eastward Ho!* in the composition of which he had been engaged with others; and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted *Pericles* because some living author might have an interest in it. Of course we only advance this

point as a mere speculation; and the fact that the publishers of the folio of 1623 could not purchase the right of the bookseller, who had then the property in *Pericles*, may have been the real cause of its non-insertion."

The story on which *Pericles* is founded is very ancient, and is met with in a great variety of forms. It occurs in that old store-house of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is shown by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version which was printed not many years since under the care of Mr. Thorpe. It is said that Latin manuscripts of it are in existence, dating as far back as the tenth century. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in at least two forms. One of these was a prose translation from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Lawrence Twine, first printed in 1576, and republished in 1607, with the following title: *The Pattern of Painful Adventures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the strange accidents that befel unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter.* The other of these forms was the version of old John Gower, who rendered it into English verse, and made it a part of his *Confessio Amantis*, with the title *Appollinus, the Prince of Tyre.* Gower, it scarce need be said, lived at the same time with Chaucer, and well deserves to be remembered and studied as one of the masters of English poetry in that age. His *Confessio Amantis* was first printed by Caxton in 1483. In Shakespeare's day it was very popular; but in later times the author has been well-nigh lost sight of in the outshining brightness of his great contemporary. In the story of Prince Appollinus, Gower avowedly took his incidents from a metrical version in the *Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle* of Godfrey of Viterbo, which was made in the latter part of the twelfth century. The fact of the story being so well-known and so popular in Gower's poem was of course the reason why he was made to serve as Chorus in the play. Mr. Collier seems to think that the incidents of *Pericles* were rather

borrowed from Twine's version of the story than from Gower's. That this could not have been the case is evident from the fact, that wherever the names of the persons vary in the two versions the play follows Gower: moreover, there are a few expressions in the play which must have been taken directly from the poem. Beyond this, the play indicates no borrowing from either source except the naked story; nor even here does it follow Twine's version in any point where this varies from Gower's.

There is one more old performance to be briefly noticed in this connection. This is the novel mentioned above, which was originally published with a title-page reading thus: *The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet John Gower. At London: Printed by T. P. for Nat. Butter. 1608.* The novel was evidently made up partly from Twine's version of the story, and partly from notes taken of the play as performed on the stage. The great popularity of the drama, and the impossibility of getting any copy of it for the press, most likely induced Nathaniel Butter to employ some person at the theater for that purpose. The novel is of considerable value in helping to clear up some points in the text of the play. And the greater length and completeness of some of the speeches, as there given, strongly favors the belief, which is otherwise very probable, that the drama has reached us in a mutilated and imperfect state. For our knowledge of this novel we are indebted to a tract printed in 1839, and entitled *Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works.*

Respecting the dramatic merits of *Pericles* there is not much to be said. It is emphatically, not to say exclusively, a play of incidents, with but little of clear and pointed characterization. It has indeed a goodly number of superb strains of poetry; but these for the most part are introduced in such a way as to render it evident that the

germs of them were not in the original conception of the characters: they strike us rather as choice pearls held together mechanically by a string, than as the organic adornings of nature, growing forth from an innate virtue, and so cohering in a common center or principle of life.

COMMENTS

By Shakespearean Scholars

PERICLES

Nathan Drake regarded him [Pericles] as buoyant with hope, ardent in enterprise, a model of knighthood, the devoted servant of glory and love. So much may praise be misplaced. This romantic sufferer exhibits far rather features of character entirely opposed to chivalrous feeling. His depth of soul and intellect and a touch of melancholy produce in him painful sensitiveness, which indeed, as long as he is unsuspicious, leaves him indifferent to danger; but after he has once perceived the evil of men, renders him more faint-hearted than bold, and more agitated and uneasy than enterprising. The motives which induce him to venture the dangerous wooing of Antiochus' daughter have not been previously depicted by the poet, but are subsequently intimated. The man who, when he perceives the dishonor of the house into which he has fallen, recognizes so quickly and acutely the danger that threatens him, who penetrates in a moment the wicked nature of the sinning father, declaring that he blushes no more for his own shame, and upon its discovery "seem'd not to strike, but smooth"; who, modest as he is prudent, ventures not to name openly, and scarcely even to himself, the perceived connection, and who thoughtfully considers his position; the man who speaks riddles proves that he is able also to solve them. And he, whose imagination, after fear has been once excited in him, is filled with ideas of a thousand dangers, whose mind is seized with the darkest melancholy, appears also in these touches to be a nature of such prominent mental qualities that, trusting rather to these than

to chance, he ventured to undertake to guess the dangerous riddle of the daughter of Antiochus. Agitation, fear, and mistrust now drive him out into the wide world, and beset him in his happiness at Pentapolis, as in his danger in Antiochia; yielding to adversity, and more noble and tender than daring, he carefully conceals himself, and in a perfectly different position fears the same snares as with Antiochus; these are without doubt intentional additions by the last elaborator, for in the story and in the English narrations of it Pericles declares at once his name and origin. The tender nature of his character, which makes him anxious in moments of quiet action, renders him excited in misfortune, and robs him of the power of resistance in suffering. The same violent emotion, the same sinking into melancholy, the same change of his innermost feelings, which he remarks in himself in the first act, after his adventure in Antiochia, we see again rising in him after the supposed death of his wife and child; as at that time he again casts himself upon the wide world and yields to immoderate grief, forgetful of men and of his duties, until the unknown daughter restores him to himself, and he at the same time recovers wife and child. The ecstatic transition from sorrow to joy is here intimated in the same masterly manner as the sudden decline from hope and happiness to melancholy and mourning was before depicted.—GERVINUS, *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLAY

A play which has such various and frequently shifting scenes as Pericles must always be read to a certain degree of disadvantage beyond the fortune of others of less diversified stage accident. These changes furnish a source of fatigue and refreshment to the spectator, which an experienced dramatist knows how to manage and control, and makes the most of by corrections which are lost or go counter in the closet. Even a reader, who is also a playgoer, finds much difficulty in saving these effects, and they

slip from others entirely. Taking however, as well as one may, the point of view of the parterre, I confess I find much to admire in the skill with which the play of *Pericles* is constructed and put together. Whether we take the outline of the story in the form of argument, or read it in the verses that furnished it to the playwriter, we may be honestly struck with the ingenuity that could group, divide and connect it for dramatic purposes, with the requisite clearness and facility that are successfully attained. The story rambles dispersedly in various countries and by sea and land, and the incidents are of every degree of importance and insignificance; but the stages of the story as enacted are cleverly made to correspond with the relief of the divisions of the acts.—Lloyd, *Critical Essays.*

POPULARITY OF THE PLAY

Pericles was surpassed by few of Shakespeare's most authentic plays in popularity. In 1609 an anonymous satirist compared a crowd of outstretched throats to an audience come "to see *Shore* or *Pericles.*" The name of Pericles became a by-word for good fortune, and Boult seems, like Pandarus, to have given a new sobriquet to his class. But the immense vogue of *Pericles* was chiefly among the populace of all ranks. Grave and scholarly persons resented its monstrous defects as a drama, as well as its pardonable if not legitimate grossness: and presently their voices began to be heard. Jonson, smarting from the derisive rejection of his *The New Inn* (1629), turned savagely upon the "mouldy tale" which it was still a safe venture to perform; and even Owen Feltham's Reply seems to admit that there were many whom *Pericles* "deeply displeased." After the Restoration it passed from the stage, on account of its offenses against art rather than against decency, though its grossness was of too primitive a type to please the contemporaries of Etherege. Dryden singles it out, with the English histories collectively, as a type of the "ridiculous incoherent story which in one play

many times took up the business of an age"; and in an unfortunate, but often-quoted, line used it to illustrate the contention that no first plays are good, since

Shakespeare's own Muse his *Pericles* first bore.

—Hereford, *The Eversley Shakespeare.*

THE PLAY NOT SHAKESPEAREAN

The play does fall into a number of scenes that are only externally connected; it wants that organic arrangement, that internal and central point of unity which penetrates all the parts, and alone forms the various parts into an harmonious whole. Life is here not conceived from the center which determines the circumference, but more from without, that is, peripherically; the drama follows the different turns of the periphery and only touches upon what lies directly in its path. Several of the characters, therefore, are admitted into the action simply from without, and retire as the action advances; in short, the composition is certainly not Shakspearean in the eminent sense of the word—as denoting Shakspeare's masterly style. In like manner the dramatic personages are characterized more from without than from within, that is, more in the mirror of their surroundings and conditions, of their doings and sufferings, than described from their inner nature, their mental life, disposition and feelings. Delineation and coloring are indeed everywhere correct, but there is wanting the depth of conception and the sharpness of individualization, the full rounding, the grandeur and beauty of the figures. Lastly, the tone and character of the diction corresponds with this—so far as can be judged from the exceedingly corrupt state of the text in the early prints; for although pervaded throughout by a poetical spirit, still, with the exception of a few passages, it lacks Shakspeare's pregnant expressions, his depth of thought, his power in the representation of passion, his grandeur and fullness in the description of emotion. Be-

sides this, the diction appears unequal, in some instances more like Shakspeare's, in others less so, and frequently obscure, involved, rich in ellipses and passages in rhyme; the versification and rhythm unequal, irregular, or treated very carelessly.—Ulrici, *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

AN EARLY WORK OF SHAKESPEARE

We advocate the belief that *Pyrocles*, or *Pericles*, was a very early work of Shakspere, in some form, however, different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement, which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to an unity of idea. The writer, in constructing the plot, had not arrived to a perfect conception of the principle "That a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience." But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower, however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted; and thus it is that, in "the true history" formed upon the play which Mr. Collier has analyzed, the unity of idea is kept in the expression of the title-page, "as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower." Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspere in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story

which would have required perpetual explanation and connection would have been painful to him, if not impossible. —KNIGHT, *Pictorial Shakspere.*

RELATED TO OTHER PLAYS

Our chief interest in *Pericles* lies in the fact that it contains work by Shakespeare which is preparatory to others of his romantic plays. That *Pericles* is thus closely related to the other romances, and these to one another, is proved by a resemblance of language, style, sentiment, plot, and incident, and above all, by the kinship of the central figures in each play, Marina, Imogen, Perdita, and Miranda, whose very names, like their characters, are fashioned after one fair and pure pattern. It may be that Pericles was not completed by Shakespeare, owing partly to the fact that it anticipated the leading elements in all the other romances; their main theme, for instance, which is the losing and the finding of wife or child.—LUCE, *Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.*

METRICAL DEVELOPMENT

The development of Shakespeare's art might be traced in detail along the line of his characterization, but it can be as well and more simply traced through the development of his metrical power; for his verse, always supple and adequate, from first to last fits his thought like a skin. The plays have been subjected throughout to the most minute metrical analysis. It has been clearly shown that the metrical structure of all plays known to be early in date differs profoundly from that of all plays known to be late; while every intermediate stage between this early and this late verse is also found. The change from the earliest to the latest verse being traceable through a regular series of gradations, the character of the verse alone enables us approximately to date a particular play. Approximately only: since it would be absurd to contend that by the use

of the metrical tests, as they are called, we are able to establish any exact chronological order among the plays. A slight increase in the percentage of unstopped lines or weak endings does not suffice to show that one play is later than another: it is only when the difference of metrical structure is very strongly marked between two plays that certainty is reached. Taken in connection with what is certainly known as to the order of the plays, the metrical tests would prove positively that *Henry V* is later than *Love's Labor's Lost*, and *Hamlet* than *Henry V:* they would not suffice to prove that *Henry V* is earlier or later than *Much Ado* or *The Merchant of Venice.* The results of the application of metrical tests, however, coincide remarkably closely with the order worked out by critics on grounds of external evidence, and of critical conjecture based upon other than metrical grounds. The verse of Shakespeare's early dramas is fluent and facile, full of antithesis, abounding in rhyme, quick and trim in movement, but lacking in melody and in variety of cadence. Formally, it is highly conventional and careful to assert itself unmistakably as verse. The line is so absolutely the unit of it that it is rarely unstopped: that is, a distinct pause usually occurs at the end of a line, and comparatively very rarely before the end of one. The verse has a tendency to resolve itself into a series of couplets, whether "blank" or rhymed. As Shakespeare's power developed his verse became continually more flexible and free, more various in cadence, and more regardless of regularity. Unstopped lines and light endings continually increase in frequency. Rhyme becomes more and more rare, and extra syllables are more and more often placed at the end of the line. The line itself becomes less and less insistent. The verse pauses anywhere, at quite irregular intervals, and the tendency to pause at the end of a line as such disappears almost completely if not altogether. It depends less and less on line structure, or any orderly and regular sequence of sound within the line, and more and more on the balance of sentences and on emphasis. Gradually it ap-

proaches prose. But though Shakespeare's latest blank verse not infrequently verges on a cadenced and magnificent prose, it never actually becomes prose even in *Henry VIII.* The fact that the poet clung to blank verse as the right and legitimate form of the romantic or tragic drama is full of significance. An increasing use of double or feminine endings, that is, of a redundant syllable at the end of a line, is another important feature of Shakespeare's metrical development. In Shakespeare's hands blank verse gradually became a measure capable of almost unlimited variety of music and expression. If there is comparatively little verse in his plays which strikes us as of quite extraordinary, pure musical quality, that is because the utterance of passion or thought not merely ideal but positive, the result of an actual and defined situation, can rarely be made perfectly musical without psychological untruth. The language of passion is not that of epic or of lyric. Nor indeed is it that of Shakespeare's drama: but though Shakespeare's diction is ideal, it is not employed in the presentment of ideal, but of real passions, positive and complex. He rarely finds occasion for verse of purely magnificent sound; and whether his melody suffer or not, Shakespeare in his maturity is always equal to the occasion. He is never preoccupied with verbal music, but it comes from him when it should come and as far as it should come.—Seccombe and Allen, *The Age of Shakespeare.*

THE METRICAL TEST

Yet when internal evidence is brought to bear upon the authorship of the play, we find that in so far as it supports Shakspere's claim, it proves the work to belong not to his first but his last period. The incidents of the birth of Marina at sea, her separation from her parents and ultimate recovery, and the restoration of Thaisa, as from the dead, to her husband's arms, are so strikingly similar to the events in *The Winter's Tale* that it is evident that the scenes in which they occur must have been written by

the same author within the same period of his career. This is fully borne out by the metrical evidence; the language in these portions of *Pericles*, which include the greater part of Acts II to V, has the elliptical pregnancy characteristic of Shakspere's final period; there are few rhyming lines, and the percentage of light and weak endings is 4–17. If, therefore, the play was an early production of the dramatist, the last three Acts must have been completely remodeled about 1608–9, just before the issue of the first quarto, and it would be in the first two Acts that we must look for the youthful Shakspere's handiwork. When we turn to them we find them indeed marked off from the rest of the play by a looser rhythm and by the frequent occurrence of rhymed lines in the dialogue. But the metrical effect is not akin to that of Shakspere's earlier plays; double endings are too frequent, and, as Delius has pointed out, the rhyming couplets are often introduced into the middle of speeches in a manner unusual with Shakspere. Moreover, the incidents in these first two Acts, the visit of Pericles to the palace of the incestuous King Antiochus, his guessing of the riddle, his subsequent wanderings, his shipwreck near Pentapolis, and his achievements at the court of Simonides, have scarcely any connection with the later events of the play. Had Shakspere been revising a youthful production of his own it seems improbable that he would have left us this dramatic hotch-potch as the result of his labors.—Boas, *Shakspere and his Predecessors.*

SHAKESPEARE PERSONIFIED IN PERICLES

When, weary and sad, he consented to re-write parts of this *Pericles*, it was that he might embody the feeling by which he is now possessed. Pericles is a romantic Ulysses, a far-traveled, sorely tried, much-enduring man, who has, little by little, lost all that was dear to him. When first we meet him, he is threatened with death because he has correctly solved a horrible riddle of life. How symbolic this! and he is thus made cautious and introspective, rest-

less and depressed. There is a touch of melancholy about him from the first, accompanied by an indifference to danger; later, when his distrust of men has been aroused, this characteristic despondency becomes intensified, and gives an appearance of depth of thought and feeling. His sensitive nature, brave enough in the midst of storm and shipwreck, sinks deeper and deeper into a depression which becomes almost melancholia. Feeling solitary and forsaken, he allows no one to approach him, pays no heed when he is spoken to, but sits, silent and stern, brooding over his griefs (Act IV, sc. i). Then Marina comes into his life. When she is first brought on board, she tries to attract his attention by her sweet, modest play and song; then she speaks to him, but is rebuffed, even angrily repulsed, until the gentle narrative of the circumstances of her birth and the misfortunes which have pursued her arrests the king's attention. The restoration of his daughter produces a sudden change from anguished melancholy to subdued happiness.

So, as a poet, had Shakespeare of late withdrawn from the world, and in just such a manner he looked upon men and their sympathy until the appearance of Marina and her sisters in his poetry.—Brandes, *William Shakespeare.*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch*
PERICLES, *prince of Tyre*
HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis*
CLEON, *governor of Tarsus*
LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene*
CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus*
THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch*
PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza*
Marshal
A Pandar
BOULT, *his servant*

The daughter of Antiochus
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina*
A Bawd

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers

DIANA

GOWER, *as Chorus*

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries*

SYNOPSIS

By J. Ellis Burdick

ACT I

Pericles, Prince of Tyre, is anxious to win for his wife the beautiful daughter of Antiochus, King of Antioch. Antiochus desires to keep his daughter single for a wicked purpose and therefore puts to death all of her suitors who do not solve a riddle which he propounds to them. Pericles expounds this riddle and in so doing discovers the king's sin. Antiochus then seeks to have Pericles put to death in order that the secret may be preserved. Pericles flees first to his own city of Tyre and then to Tarsus. The latter city is suffering from a severe famine and he brings provisions to it.

ACT II

Finding that he is not safe at Tarsus from the wrath of Antiochus, Pericles again takes ship but is overtaken by a storm and every man on board perishes excepting himself. He is cast upon the shore of Pentapolis, whose king, Simonides, is to give a tournament the following day in honor of his daughter's birthday. Pericles joins in the games and is fortunate in finding favor with both the king and the princess. The king bestows the hand of his daughter upon Pericles, supposing him to be a private gentleman of Tyre.

ACT III

A few months after Pericles and Thaisa were married, Pericles receives word that Antiochus is dead. He discloses his identity to Simonides and sails with Thaisa for

Tyre. A tempest arises, in the midst of which Thaisa gives birth to a daughter, which is named Marina because she is born at sea. Thaisa becomes unconscious at the birth of the child and is believed to be dead. The sailors insist that the body be cast overboard to allay the tempest. Pericles places her in a box and with his own hands sorrowfully lowered the chest into the sea. The box drifts ashore at Ephesus and when it is opened Thaisa is found alive. She recovers and becomes a priestess of Diana. Pericles leaves the infant with Cleon, governor of Tarsus, and his wife to be cared for and educated by them. He himself continues his journey to Tyre.

ACT IV

Until she is fourteen years of age, Marina lives at Tarsus with Cleon and his wife. Cleon's wife becomes jealous of the beauty and accomplishments of the maiden because they overshadow those of her own daughter. She therefore plots to have Marina murdered but the girl is seized by pirates and carried to Mytilene where she is sold as a slave. She becomes so renowned for her virtue and beauty that the governor, Lysimachus, desires to marry her. Meantime Pericles visits Tarsus and is told that his daughter is dead.

ACT V

Unable to endure the scene of this last sorrow, Pericles again puts to sea intending to return to Tyre. But adverse winds compel him to put in at Mytilene. Lysimachus pays him a visit on board his ship, and finding him despondent sends for Marina to amuse him with her dancing and singing. Pericles recognizes her and acknowledges her as his daughter. They go on a pilgrimage to Ephesus and there Pericles finds and is united to his long-lost wife. The enraged inhabitants of Tarsus kill Cleon and his wife.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

ACT FIRST

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times
When wit 's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like taper-light.
This Antioch then Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria:

16. *"waste"*; spend.—C. H. H.

I tell you what mine authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe and full of face
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
But custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow:
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,
To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

Scene I

Antioch. A room in the palace.

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles and Followers.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.
Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.
Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter Antiochus' Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the spring,

1. *"prince of Tyre";* it does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince,* therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant.* In the *Gesta Romanorum* Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus,* as he is in Gower.—H. N. H.

6. *"Bring in our daughter";* Qq. and Ff. prefix "Music" to these words, as a part of the speech. Malone distinguished "Music" as a stage direction; and Dyce transferred it to v. 11.—C. H. H.

8. *"till Lucina reign'd";* until her birth.—C. H. H.

9. *"to glad her presence";* the words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia,* book ii.: *"The senate-house of the planets* was at no time to *set* for the decreeing of perfection in a man."—H. N. H.

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods that made me man and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometimes famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,

13. *"the king of every virtue";* "the Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."—H. N. H.

24. *"boundless";* Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"bondlesse."* —I. G.

27. *"Hesperides"* is here taken for the name of the garden in which the golden apples were kept.—H. N. H.

29. *"death-like dragons here affright";* Daniel conj. *"death, like dragons, here affrights";* S. Walker conj. *affront";* Hudson conj. *"affronts."*—I. G.

Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it error.
I 'll make my will then, and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did,
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came;
But my unspotted fire of love to you.
[*To the Princess.*
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: read the conclusion then:
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!

44. *"to what I must";* that is, "to prepare this body for that state to which I must *come."*—H. N. H.

55–57. The arrangement of the text, confused in Qq. and Ff., was first made by Malone.—I. G.

59, 60. *"Of all 'say'd yet";* Mason conj. *"In all, save that";* Mitford conj. *"O false! and yet."*—I. G.

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!
Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.

He reads the riddle.

'I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labor
I found that kindness in a father:
He 's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.'
[*Aside*] Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

62. *"Nor ask advice";* these words are in the novel founded on the play: "Pericles armed with these noble armors, *faithfulness and courage.*" The text shows the author's reading in Sidney's *Arcadia,* the third book of which has the following: *"Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage,* he presently lighted from his own horse."—H. N. H.

72. *"sharp physic is the last";* that is, the intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.—H. N. H.

79. *"on whom perfections wait";* that is, he is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that knowing, etc.—H. N. H.

You are a fair viol and your sense the strings,
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods, to hearken,
But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd

87. *"touch not";* this is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.—H. N. H.

100. *"to stop the air";* "the man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."—H. N. H.

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their will;
And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head! He has found the meaning:
But I will gloze with him.—Young prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honor and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad

113. *"cancel of";* Malone's emendation; Ff. 3, 4, *"cancel off";* Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *"counsell of";* Q. 5, *"counsel of."*—I. G.

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Aye, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear.
[*Exit.*

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:

128. *"untimely";* Wilkins, in the Novel, writes *"uncomely,"* which may, perhaps, give the correct reading of the line.—I. G.

135. *"blush," i. e. "who blush";* the omission of the pronoun, personal or relative, is characteristic of the non-Shakespearean portions of the play.—I. G.

And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honor must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You are of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy:
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.
Ant. Enough. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow shot
From a well experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say 'Prince Pericles is dead.'
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,

I 'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit Thal.*] Till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succor to my head. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Tyre. A room in the palace.

Enter Pericles.

Per. [*To Lords without*] Let none disturb us.
Why should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
The tomb where grief should sleep, can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.

1. *"change of thoughts," i. e.* perturbation of thought; Steevens conj. *"charge of thoughts?"*; Mason conj. *"change of thoughts?"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"charge our thoughts?"*; Staunton conj. *"change our thoughts?"*; Bailey conj. *"child of thought"*; Daniel conj. *"cast of thought."*—I. G.

3. *"Be my so used a guest as"*; Dyce's emendation; Q. 1, *"By me so vsde a guest, as"*; Malone (1780), *"By me's so us'd a guest, as"*; Jackson conj. *"Be by me so us'd a guest?"*—I. G.

8. *"arm"*; so F. 4; Dyce reads *"aim."*—I. G.

Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.
And so with me: the great Antiochus,
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great can make his will his act,
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honor him,
If he suspect I may dishonor him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known:
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offense:
Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

15. *"cares it be not done";* is anxious lest it should be done.—C. H. H.

30. *"Who am";* Farmer conj.; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Who once";* Malone (1780), *"Who owe";* (1790), *"Who wants."*—I. G.

Enter Helicanus, with other Lords.

First Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!

Sec. Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

41. *"blast";* Mason conj.; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"spark";* Malone (1790), *"breath";* Steevens conj. *"wind."*—I. G.

44. *"Signior Sooth";* a near kinsman of this gentleman is mentioned in *The Winter's Tale:* "And his pond fished by his next neighbor, by *Sir Smile.*"—H. N. H.

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I have power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*Kneeling*] I have ground the ax myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, prithee, rise: sit down: thou art no flatterer:
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!
Fit counselor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes and bring joys to subjects.

55. *"plants";* so Q. 1; Malone's emendation of Qq. and Ff., *"planets."*—I. G.

62. *"hear their faults hid";* hear the flattery which hides their faults.—C. H. H.

74. A line is probably lost between 73 and 74, such as: *Worthy to heir my throne; for kingly boys* (Sydney Walker).—C. H. H.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,
To lop that doubt, he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretense of wrong that I have done him;
When all, for mine, if I may call offense,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

86. *"doubt it"*; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"doo't"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, and Ff., *"thinke."*—I. G.

93. *"spares"*; so Q. 1; Qq. 2–6, and Ff. 3, 4, *"feares"* and *"fears."*—I. G.

95. *"reprovest"*; Malone, *"reprov'st"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"reprou'dst"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, *"reprovedst"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"reproved'st."*—I. G.

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.
Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.
Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?
Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.
Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:

Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now I do see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he 's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes, with other Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:

4–7. *Cp.* "I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who, being demanded by King Lisimachus what favor he might do unto him, for that he loved him, made him answer to the king, that your Majesty would never impart unto me any of your secrets" (Barnabie Riche's *Soldier's Wish to Briton's Welfare*).—I. G.

His seal'd commission left in trust with me
Doth speak sufficiently he 's gone to travel.
Thal. [*Aside*] How! the king gone!
Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—
Thal. [*Aside*] What from Antioch?
Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him; at least he judged so:
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he 'ld correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.
Thal. [*Aside*] Well, I perceive I shall not be hanged now, although I would; but since he 's gone, the king's seas must please: he 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea. I 'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre!
Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.
Thal. From him I come

28–33. This being "aside" it seems probable that the prose may be here intended to mark the distinction between Thaliard's informal soliloquies (as in vv. 1–10) and his ceremonial addresses. It is therefore retained.—C. H. H.

29–30. *"but since he's gone, the king's seas must please";* Mason conj. *"But since he is gone, the king, seas must please";* Percy conj. *"But since he's gone, the king it sure must please";* Collier (ed. 2), *"But since he is gone the king's ease must please";* Perring conj. *"But since he's gone, the king this news must please";* Dyce conj. *"But since he's gone the king's ears it must please."*—I. G.

With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.
Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon the Governor of Tarsus, with Dionyza and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?
Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they 're but felt, and seen with mischief's eyes,

8. *"mischief's eyes";* Steevens, *"mistful eyes";* Anon. conj. (1814), *"mischief-size";* Singer (ed. 2), *"mistie eyes";* S. Walker conj. *"misery's eyes";* Kinnear conj. *"weakness' eyes";* Mr. T. Tyler's suggestion, *"not seen with mischief's eyes," i. e.* "not seen with the eyes of despair," seems to be the most ingenious correction of the line, if any change is necessary.—I. G.

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder;
That, if heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And wanting breath to speak help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have the government,
A city on whom plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,

9. *"topp'd";* lopp'd. The attempt to diminish grief by reciting the griefs of others is like lopping trees, which only grow the higher for it.—C. H. H.

13–14. *"Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep Our woes";* Hudson reads *"Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes":*

——; *"sorrows do";* Cartwright conj. *"sobbings do";* Bailey conj. *"bosoms too";* Anon. conj. *"sorrowing bosoms do."*—I. G.

15. *"tongues";* Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"toungs";* Steevens conj. *"lungs."*—I. G.

And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths, who but of late earth, sea and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers who, to nousle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

39. *"yet two summers younger";* Mason conj.; Q. 1, *"yet too sauers younger";* Ff. 3, 4, *"yet to savers younger."*—I. G.

54. *"With their superfluous riots";* running riot in superfluity.—C. H. H.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?
Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.
Lord. We have descried, upon our neighboring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.
Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighboring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already,
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.
Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favorers, not as foes.
Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutor'd to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.

61. *"sail"*; fleet.—C. H. H.

69. *"of unhappy me"*; Malone (1780), *"of unhappy men"*; Steevens conj. *"of unhappy we"*; Jackson conj. *"O unhappy me."*—I. G.

70. *"Whereas no glory's got to overcome"*; where victory brings no glory.—C. H. H.

74. *"him's"*; *i. e. "him who is"*; Malone's reading; Q. 1, *"himnes"*; Qq. 2, 3, F. 3, *"hymnes"*; Qq. 4, 5, *"hymmes"*; Q. 6, *"hywmes"*; F. 4, *"hymns"*; Steevens conj. *"him who is."*—I. G.

But bring they what they will and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we are half way there.
Go tell their general we attend him here,
To know for what he comes and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter Pericles with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men
Be like a beacon fired to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets:
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships, you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within
With bloody veins expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we 'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise:

93. *"like the Trojan horse";* that is, are like the Trojan horse, *which* was stuff'd with bloody veins. Some modern editions change *was stuff'd* into *war-stuff'd,* and *veins* into *views.*—H. N. H.

We do not look for reverence, but for love
And harborage for ourself, our ships and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be seen—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we 'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord,
That will prove awful both in deed and word.
Be quiet then as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I 'll show you those in troubles reign,
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation,
To whom I give my benison,
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

9. *"the good in conversation";* that is, the good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tharsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ.—H. N. H.

14. *"make him glorious";* this circumstance is found in the *Confessio Amantis:*

"That thei *for ever in remembrance*
Made a figure in resemblance
Of hym, and in comonne place
Thei set it upp; so that his face
Miht every maner man byholde:
It was of latonn over gylte."—H. N. H.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter, at one door, Pericles, talking with Cleon; all the train with them. Enter, at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to Pericles; Pericles shows the letter to Cleon; gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exit Pericles at one door, and Cleon at another.

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From other's labors; for though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And to fulfill his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men been, there 's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;

19. *"for though"*; Steevens, *"forth"*; Singer (ed. 2), *"for thy"*; Nicholson conj. *"for-though"*; Kinnear conj. *"for through."*—I. G.

22. *"Sends word"*; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1–5 read *"Sau'd one"*; Q. 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"Sav'd one."*—I. G.

27. *"doing so"*; *i. e.* following Helicanus' counsel.—C. H. H.

Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower,—this longs the text.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

Pentapolis. An open place by the sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you:
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

First Fish. What, ho, Pilch!
Sec. Fish. Ha, come and bring away the nets!
First Fish. What, Patchbreech, I say!

40. *"this longs the text";* this belongs to the play, not to the "Chorus."—C. H. H.

Third Fish. What say you, master?

First Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

Third Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

First Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

Third Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside*] A pretty moral.

Third Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

Sec. Fish. Why, man?

29. *"but I look to be washed";* sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.—H. N. H.

Third Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

Per. [*Aside*] Simonides!

Third Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*] How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labor, honest fishermen.

Sec. Fish. Honest! good fellow, what 's that?

54. *"finny";* Steevens conj. (from Wilkins' novel); Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"fenny."*—I. G.

58. *"Peace be at your labor,"* etc. We give these speeches just as they stand in the old copies. The only way to get any sense out of it, is by supposing that the fisherman takes *honest* as an epithet meant to be descriptive of the *day*. So that the sense appears to be something thus: "If the day be according to your ideas of what is honest, you must search out of the calendar for it; and may nobody look after such a kind of an honest day." The *lucky* and *unlucky* days were marked in the old calendars; and Farmer thinks there may be an allusion in the text to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero. Steevens supposes something to have been lost, and supplies the deficiency thus:

"Per. Peace be at your labor, honest fisherman:
The day is rough, and thwarts your occupation.
"2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be *not* a day fits you, *scratch it* out of the calendar, and nobody *will* look after it."—H. N. H.

60. *"search";* Steevens conj. *"scratch it";* Singer (ed. 2), *"scratch't";* Staunton, *"scratch";* Anon. conj. *"steal it",* Hudson, *"steal't."*—I. G.

If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. May see the sea hath cast upon your coast.

Sec. Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

First Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here 's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

Sec. Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practiced it.

Sec. Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man throng'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

First Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid 't!

62. *"May see the sea hath cast upon your coast";* so Qq.; Ff. 3, 4, *"Y' may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast";* Malone (1780), *"You may see the sea hath cast me on your coast";* Steevens, adopted by Malone (1790), *"Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—."* —I. G.

66. *"have made the ball";* thus in Sidney's *Arcadia,* book v.: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.*"—H. N. H.

And I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks, and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

Sec. Fish. Hark you, my friend; you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

Sec. Fish. But crave! Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

Sec. Fish. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. But, master, I 'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*

Per. [*Aside*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labor!

First Fish. Hark you, sir, do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

First Fish. Why, I 'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good Simonides, do you call him?

First Fish. Aye, sir; and he deserves so to be called for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from

his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

First Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I 'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

First Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.

Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen, drawing up a net.

Sec. Fish. Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armor.

Per. An armor, friends! I pray you, let me see it.
Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
And though it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,

125, 126. *"what a man cannot get . . . his wife's soul";* obscure and doubtful. If the text is correct the meaning is: if a man cannot directly win the affections of his (future) wife, he is free to bargain for them (by the tourney, of which her love was the prize).—C. H. H.

'Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death:'—and pointed to this brace—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like necessity—
The which the gods protect thee from!—may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given 't again:
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

First Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'ld guide me to your sovereign's court.
Where with it I may appear a gentleman;
And if that ever my low fortune's better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

Fish Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

First Fish. Why, do 'e take it, and the gods give thee good on 't!

Sec. Fish. Aye, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if

you thrive, you 'll remember from whence
you had them.

Per. Believe 't, I will.
By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea
This jewel holds his building on my arm:
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

Sec. Fish. We 'll sure provide: thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair; and I 'll
bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honor be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

First Lord. They are, my liege,
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honor of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat

For men to see and seeing wonder at.
[*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. It 's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renowns if not respected.
'Tis now your honor, daughter, to entertain
The labor of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honor, I 'll perform.

Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiope reaching at the sun;
The word, 'Lux tua vita mihi.'

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second Knight passes.*
Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that 's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, 'Piu por dulzura
que por fuerza.' [*The Third Knight passes.*

14. *"entertain"*; Steevens conj. *"explain"*; Anon. conj. *"entreat"*; Anon. conj. *"emblazon"*; Schmidt conj. *"interpret."*—I. G.

18. *"A knight of Sparta"*; of the five knights who precede Pericles, the fourth and fifth have no specified nationality. Wilkins mentions five knights respectively of Macedon, Corinth, Antioch, Sparta, Athens.—C. H. H.

Sim. And what 's the third?
Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, 'Me pompæ provexit apex.'
[*The Fourth Knight passes.*
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside down;
The word, 'Quod me alit, me extinguit.'
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth Knight passes.*
Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, 'Sic spectanda fides.'
[*The Sixth Knight, Pericles, passes.*
Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?
Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that 's only green at top;
The motto, 'In hac spe vivo.'
Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.
First Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

Sec. Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honor'd triumph strangely furnished.
Third Lord. And on set purpose let his armor rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.
Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming: we will withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*
[*Great shouts within, and all cry* 'The mean knight!'

Scene III

The same. A hall of state: a banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

57. *"by the inward man"*; that is, that makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.—H. N. H.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you are her labor'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:
Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We are honor'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honor we love;
For who hates honor hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
First Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.
Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit.
[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.
Thai. [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,
All viands that I eat do seem unsavory,

19. *"Marshal";* Malone's emendation; Qq., F. 3, *"Martiall";* F. 4, *"Martial."*—I. G.

29. *"resist";* Collier conj. *"distaste."*—I. G.

——; *"he not";* so Qq. 2–6, Ff. 3, 4; Malone *"she not";* Malone conj. *"he now";* Steevens conj. *"be not";* Mason conj. *"she but";* Dyce conj. *"he but."*—I. G.

Wishing him my meat.—Sure he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He 's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside*] Yon king 's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None but beheld him but, like lesser lights,
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy:
Where now his son 's like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

Knights. Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile:
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,

50. *"stored"*; Steevens conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, *"stur'd"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"stirr'd"*; Mason conj. *"stow'd."*—I. G.

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honor them:
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.
Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offense,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.

Thai. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

Sim. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

63. *"kill'd are wonder'd at"*; Daniel, *"still ne'er wondered at"*; Anon. conj. *"kill'd are scorned at"*; Kinnear *"little are wonder'd at."* —I. G.

69. *"impudence"*; immodesty.—C. H. H.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name, Pericles;
My education been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armors, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The Knights dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.
Come, sir,
Here 's a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practice them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied

104. *"measures";* slow and solemn dances.—C. H. H.

Of your fair courtesy.

[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,

[*To Pericles*] But you the best. Pages and lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings! Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,

And that 's the mark I know you level at:

Therefore each one betake him to his rest;

To-morrow all for speeding do their best.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,

Antiochus from incest lived not free:

For which, the most high gods not minding longer

To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,

Due to this heinous capital offense,

Even in the height and pride of all his glory,

When he was seated in a chariot

Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,

A fire from heaven came, and shrivel'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

First Lord. See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.
Sec. Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
Third Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.
First Lord. Follow me then. Lord Helicane, a word.
Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day, my lords.
First Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.
Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not your prince you love.
First Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground 's made happy by his breath.

11. *"those eyes adored them";* that is, *which* ador'd them.—H. N. H.

If in the world he live, we 'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we 'll find him there;
And be resolved he lives to govern us,
Or dead, give 's cause to mourn his funeral,
And leave us to our free election.

Sec. Lord. Whose death 's indeed the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
Like goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin—your noble self,
That best know how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honor's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
To forbear the absence of your king;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

First Lord. To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield;

41. *"For honor's cause";* Dyce's reading; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Try honours cause";* Steevens conj. *"Try honour's course";* Jackson conj. *"Cry, honour's cause!";* Anon. conj. *"By honour's cause."*—I. G.

43. *"seas";* the troubled waters of sovereignty.—C. H. H.

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavor it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Pentapolis. A room in the palace.

Enter Simonides, reading a letter, at one door: the Knights meet him.

First Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which from her by no means can I get.

Sec. Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly
Tied her to her chamber, that 'tis impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honor will not break it.

Third Knight. Loath to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,

They are well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she 's in 't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I am beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing: what do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in summer, wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you,
Aye, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside*] What 's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!
'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honor her.
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offense;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Aye, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat—unless it be the king—
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honor's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he 's honor's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

62. *"her"; i. e.* honor's. But the corresponding passage in Wilkins makes it probable that the word should be *your*.—C. H. H.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offense at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?
[*Aside*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*Aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be, nor can I think the contrary,
As great in blood as I myself.—
Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I 'll make you—
Man and wife:
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too
And being join'd, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!
What, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life my blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
And then, with what haste you can, get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD

Enter Gower.

Gow. Now sleep y-slaked hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
E'er the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is molded. Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:
What 's dumb in show I 'll plain with speech.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a letter: Pericles shows it Simonides; the Lords kneel to the former. Then enter Thaisa with child, with Lychorida, a nurse: the King shows her the letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her

4. *"pompous"*; splendid.—C. H. H.

father, and depart with Lychorida and their attendants. Then exeunt Simonides and the rest.

By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre,
Fame answering the most strange inquire,
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Y-ravished the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,

15. The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.—H. N. H.

21. *"can stead the quest"*; that is, *help,* befriend, or assist the *search.*—H. N. H.

35. *"Y-ravished"*; Steevens conj.; Q. 1, *"Iranyshed"*; Q. 2, *"Irany shed"*; the rest, *"Irony shed."*—I. G.

'Our heir-apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?'
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen with child makes her desire—
Which who shall cross?—along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea: their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

59. *"this stage the ship";* it is clear from these lines that when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.—H. N. H.

Scene I

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O, still
Thy deafening dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes! O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen? Thou stormest venomously;
Wilt thou spit all thyself? The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails! Now, Lychorida!

1. *"this great vast";* it should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath.—"This great *vast*" is "this *wide expanse.*"—H. N. H.

7–8. *"Thou stormest venomously; Wilt";* Dyce's reading; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"then storme venomously, Wilt";* Malone, *"Thou storm, venomously, Wilt";* Steevens, *"Thou, storm, thou! venomously Wilt";* Collier, *"Thou storm, venomously Wilt."*—I. G.

8. *"The seaman's whistle"; i. e.* the whistle regularly carried by the boatswain of a ship.—C. H. H.

Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.
Per. How, how, Lychorida!
Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.
Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honor with you.
Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.
Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blustrous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions! for
Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
That ever was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity
As fire, air, water, earth and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first

14. *"travails"*; F. 3, *"travels"*; Dyce, *"travail."*—I. G.

26. *"Use honor with you"*; Steevens reads *"Vie honour with yourselves"*; Mason conj. *"Vie honour with you."*—I. G.

34. *"to herald thee from the womb"*; a part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in the novel made out of this play. The words in Italic will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic

Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,
With all thou canst find here. Now, the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

First Sail. What courage, sir? God save you!
Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw; 39
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.
First Sail. Slack the bolins there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.
Sec. Sail. But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.
First Sail. Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.
Per. That 's your superstition. 50
First Sail. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.
Per. As you think meet. Most wretched queen!
Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;

expressions has been lost out of the text: *"Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."—H. N. H.

35. *"Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here";* the child's loss even at the outset is such that all that it inherits by birth falls short of what its birth has cost. This seems to be the clear meaning, irregularly expressed.—C. H. H.

No light, nc fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.
[*Exit Lychorida.*

Sec. Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulked and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

Sec. Sail. We are near Tarsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

Sec. Sail. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tarsus!
There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it

63. *"aye-remaining lamps";* Malone's conj.; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"ayre remayning lampes";* Qq. 4, 5, 6, *"ayre remaining lampes";* F. 3, *"ayre remaining lamps";* F. 4, *"air remaining lamps";* Jackson conj. *"area-manesing,"* etc.—I. G.

76. *"thy course for Tyre"; i. e.* thy course which is at present for Tyre. Wilkins' novel has "from Tyre"; a simpler but less exact expression, which the novelist is likely in any case to have preferred. —C. H. H.

At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There 's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. [*To Philemon*] Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works.
[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all-to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

Sec. Gent. That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

First Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances

17. *"all-to topple";* Singer (ed. 2), *"al-to topple";* Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"all to topple";* Dyce, *"all to-topple."*—I. G.

22. *"Rich tire";* Steevens conj. *"Such towers";* Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"Rich tire";* the rest, *"Rich attire";* Jackson conj. *"Rich Tyre";* Collier (ed. 2), *"Rich 'tire."*—I. G.

That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.

Sec. Gent. Your honor has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as time shall never. . . .

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

First Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What 's that?
First Serv. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss up upon our shore
This chest: 'tis of some wreck.
Cer. Set 't down, let 's look upon 't.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,

41. *"treasure";* Steevens' emendation for *"pleasures"* and *"pleasure"* of Qq., Ff. 3, 4.—I. G.

42. Steevens explained the words as an allusion to an old print exhibiting *Death* in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* standing behind, and grinning at the process.—I. G.

46. *"pain";* labor.—C. H. H.

48. *"time shall never. . . .";* so Qq. 1, 2, 3; Qq. 4, 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"neuer shall decay";* Malone, *"time shall never—";* Dyce, *"time shall never raze";* Staunton, *"time shall ne'er decay";* Anon. conj. *"time shall never end."*—I. G.

'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

Sec. Gent. 'Tis so, my lord.

Cer. How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea cast it up?

First Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir, as toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

Sec. Gent. A delicate odor.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

First Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With full bags of spices! Passport too!
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!
[*Reads from a scroll.*

'Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane coast.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!'

If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart

55. "Fortune has done well in forcing it to disgorge upon our coast."—C. H. H.

That even cracks for woe! This chanced to-night.

Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within:
Fetch hither all my boxes in my chest.
[*Exit a servant.*
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and cloths.
The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The viol once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live; nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced

84. This passage is probably corrupt. The corresponding place in the novel makes the cure exercised by, not upon, "Egyptians": "I have read of some Egyptians who, after four hours' death, . . have raised impoverished bodies like to this, unto their former health." Hudson has plausibly restored the lines thus:—

Of an Egyptian
I have heard who had by good appliances
Recover'd bodies nine hours lying dead.

(but *lying* for *lien* is clearly wrong).—C. H. H.

Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praised water do appear
To make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be. [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where 's my lord? What world is this?
Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbors!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*

106. *"what world is this";* this is from the *Confessio Amantis:*

"And first hir eyen up she caste,
And when she more of strength caught,
Her armes both forth she straughte;
Held up hir honde and piteouslie
She spake, and said, *Where am I?*
Where is my lorde? What worlde is this?"—H. N. H.

Scene III

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionyza, and Lychorida with Marina in her arms.

Per. Most honor'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;
My twelve months are expired, and Tyre stands
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!
Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!
Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina, whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so, here
I charge your charity withal, leaving her
The infant of your care; beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.
Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think

7. *"wanderingly"*; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"wondringly"*; Schmidt conj. *"woundingly."*—I. G.

Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you,
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honor and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honor, all
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and

29. *"Unscissar'd shall this hair"; Steevens' emendation;* Qq. 1–4, *"vnsisterd . . . heyre"; Q. 5, "unsisterd shall his heyres"; Q. 6, "unsisterd . . . heire"; Ff. 3, 4, "unsister'd . . . heir."*—I. G.

30. *"show ill"; Qq. and Ff. read "show will";* the correction was made independently by Malone and Dyce; this and the previous emendations are confirmed by the corresponding passage in the Novel.—I. G.

The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam. O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter. Come, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.

Enter Cerimon and Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,
I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may abide till your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there as a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earned praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid
Hight Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she

10. *"both the heart and place";* the old copies read, "Which makes *hie* both the *art* and place." The emendation is by Steevens. We still use the *heart* of oak for the central part of it, and the *heart* of the land in much such another sense. *Place* here signifies *residence.*—H. N. H.

17. *"marriage rite";* Collier's reading; Percy conj. *"marriage rites";* Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"marriage sight";* Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *"marriage fight";* Steevens conj. *"marriage night."*—I. G.

Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;

26. *"night-bird";* Malone's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"night bed."* —I. G.

46. *"your content";* the satisfied attention of the spectators (who will see it represented instead of hearing it reported).—C. H. H.

Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

Scene I

Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.

Enter Dionyza with Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I will do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death. Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter Marina, with a basket of flowers.

5. *"inflaming love i' thy bosom";* Knight's emendation of Q. 1, *"in flaming, thy loue bosome,"* etc.—I. G.

7. *"be a soldier";* be resolute.—C. H. H.

11. *"only mistress' death";* Malone (1790), *"old mistress' death"* Percy conj. *"old nurse's death,"* etc., etc.—I. G.

Mar. No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy green with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Aye me! poor maid,
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.
Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?
How chance my daughter is not with you?
Do not consume your blood with sorrowing:
You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your favor 's
Changed with this unprofitable woe!
Come, give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpens the stomach.
Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.
Dion. Come, come;
I love the king your father and yourself
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find

21. *"whirring me";* thus the earliest copy. The second quarto, and all subsequent impressions, read, *"Hurrying* me from my friends." *Whirring* or *whirrying* had formerly the same meaning; a bird that flies with a quick motion is still said to *whirr* away.—H. N. H.

27. *"ere the sea mar it";* that is, ere the sea by the coming in of the tide mar your walk.—H. N. H.

MARINA AT THE SEA-SHORE.

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while:
Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

[*Exit Dionyza.*

Is this wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands, haling ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never was waves nor wind more violent;

40. *"reserve"* has here the force of *preserve.*—H. N. H.

And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it: pray; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature: believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well favor'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

62. *"a canvas-climber";* that is, a *sailor,* one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the *canvas* or *sails.*—H. N. H.

64. *"stem to stern";* Malone's emendation; Qq., *"sterne to sterne";* Ff. 3, 4, *"stern to stern."*—I. G.

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will dispatch. [*He seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

First Pirate. Hold, villain! [*Leonine runs away.*
Sec. Pirate. A prize! a prize!
Third Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part.
Come let 's have her aboard suddenly.
[*Exeunt Pirates with Marina.*

Re-enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she will return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea. But I 'll see further:
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.
[*Exit.*

97. *"the great pirate Valdes";* "perhaps there is here a scornful allusion to Don Pedro de Valdes, a Spanish admiral taken by Drake in 1588" (Malone).—I. G.

Scene II

Mytilene. A room in a brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou sayest true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Aye, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou sayest true; they 're too unwhole-

18. *"brought them down again";* that is, brought them up as far as to eleven years of age, and then brought them down again.—H. N. H.

some, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Aye, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving o'er.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! aye, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it 's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter Boult, with the Pirates and Marina.

Boult. [*To Marina*] Come your ways. My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

First Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

35. *"commodity wages not"*; that is, is not equal to it.—H. N. H.
50. *"piece"*; creature.—C. H. H.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. [*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the color of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry 'He that will give most shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates,
Not enough barbarous, had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

58. *"I cannot be bated";* I cannot get them to reduce the price to me.—C. H. H.

Marina Exposed for Sale at the Slave Market.

Pericles. Act 4, Sc. 2.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault,
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Aye, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult 's returned.

Re-enter Boult.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

82. *"live"*; pass your life.—C. H. H.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Aye, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Bault. Well, if we had of every nation a traveler, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where

119. To *"cower"* is to sink or crouch down.—H. N. H.

127. *"scatter his crown in the sun";* the allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun.* The meaning of the passage is merely this, That the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.—H. N. H.

130. *"with this sign";* if a traveler from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.—H. N. H.

you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou sayest true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Aye, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you 'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving

138. *"a mere profit"*; that is, an absolute, a certain profit.—H. N. H.

156. *"you'll lose nothing by custom"*; you will profit by the customers you procure.—C. H. H.

162. *"awake the beds of eels"*; thunder is supposed to have the

out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined.
I 'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.* 170

Scene III

Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.

Enter Cleon and Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think
You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'ld give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:—

"They are nought but eeles, that never will appeare
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
Their slimy beds."—H. N. H.

Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute cry out
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think 21
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honorable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then:
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone. 30
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,

17. *"pious";* Mason conj., and Wilkins' novel, adopted by Collier; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"impious";* the rest omit the word.—I. G.

Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 'tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet I know you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

47–48. *"dost, with thine angel's face, Seize";* Malone conj. *"dost wear thine angel's face; Seize";* Steevens, *"doth wear an angel's face, Seize";* Hudson (1881), *"doth use an angel's face, Then seize."*—I. G.

48. *"talons";* Rowe's emendation of Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"talents."*—I. G.

50. *"swear to the gods";* this passage appears to mean, "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to heaven against the cruelty of winter in killing the flies."—H. N. H.

Scene IV

Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have and wish but for 't;
Making, to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along; behind
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tarsus,—think his pilot thought:

2. *"have an wish but for 't";* have a wish merely by wishing.—C. H. H.

13–16. The arrangement of the lines is according to Hudson's edition (1881).—I. G.

18. *"his pilot thought";* Steevens conj. *"his pilot wrought";* Mason

So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

DUMB SHOW.

Enter Pericles at one door, with all his train; Cleon and Dionyza at the other. Cleon shows Pericles the tomb; whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt Cleon, Dionyza, and the rest.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.
[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*
'The fairest, sweet'st and best, lies here,

conj. *"this pilot-thought"*; Qq. 1, 2, 3, *"this Pilat thought"*; the rest, *"this Pilate thought."*—I. G.

19. *"steerage"*; steering.—C. H. H.

30. His *"mortal vessel"* is the same that Cleopatra calls her *mortal house;* that is, his *body.*—H. N. H.

Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd:
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.'

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilene. [*Exit.*

39. *"swallowed some part of the earth";* the Poet ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the heavens; and that Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores (Mason).—H. N. H.

42. *"stint";* that is, never *cease.*—H. N. H.

48. *"scene must play";* Malone's emendation (1790); Qq., Ff. 3, 4 read *"Steare must play";* Steevens conj., adopted by Malone (1780), *"tears must play";* Malone conj. *"stage must play";* Steevens, *"scenes display."*—I. G.

Scene V

Mytilene. A street before the brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

Sec. Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

First Gent. But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

Sec. Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

First Gent. I 'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

The same. A room in the brothel.

Enter Pandar, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she 's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her rea-

sons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter Lysimachus.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honor!

Boult. I am glad to see your honor in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she 'ld do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honor knows what 'tis to say well enough.

23. *"how a dozen of virginities";* this is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different kind of commodity: *"How* a score of ewes now?"—H. N. H.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.
Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—
Lys. What, prithee?
Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.
Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste. [*Exit Boult.*
Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never plucked yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter Boult with Marina.

Is she not a fair creature?
Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.
Bawd. I beseech your honor, give me leave: a word, and I 'll have done presently.
Lys. I beseech you, do.
Bawd. [*To Marina*] First, I would have you note, this is an honorable man.
Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.
Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.
Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honorable he is in that, I know not.
Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal

44. *"gives a good report to a number to be chaste";* (outward modesty) gives many the reputation of chastity.—C. H. H.

fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Ha' you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honor and her together. Go thy ways.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*

Lys. Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say you are of honorable parts and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

69. *"she's not paced yet";* a term from the equestrian art; but still in familiar language applied to persons chiefly in a bad sense with its compound *thorough-paced.*—H. N. H.

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honor, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How 's this? how 's this? Some more; be sage.

Mar. For me
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Have placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,

102. *"make the judgment good";* the novel founded on the play gives the following as Marina's speech on this occasion; which is in such a strain that we cannot but regret there is not more of it in the text: "If, as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion which was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstain'd in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of Heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercise of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impoverish me."—H. N. H.

104. *"Some more; be sage";* Lysimachus must be supposed to say this sneeringly: "Proceed with your fine moral discourse."—H. N. H.

O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here 's gold for thee:
Persever in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savor vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here 's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honor, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away!
[*Exit.*

Boult. How 's this? We must take another

course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We 'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what 's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball, saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

133. *"under the cope";* that is, under the *cope* or *canopy* of heaven. —H. N. H.

154. *"make the rest malleable";* Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skillful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable,* carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately,

Boult. "Come, mistress; come your ways with me."
Mar. "Whither wilt thou have me?"
Boult. "To take from you the jewel you hold so dear."

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Act 4, Scene 6.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plowed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! Marry, hang you! She 's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your ways with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
Thou hold'st a place for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damned door-keeper to every
Coistrel that comes inquiring for his Tib;

lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum.*—H. N. H.

163. *"with rosemary and bays";* anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.—H. N. H.

179. A *"coistrel"* is a *low mean person.* See *Twelfth Night,* Act i. sc. 3. *"Tib"* was a common name for a *strumpet.*—H. N. H.

To the choleric fisting of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common shores, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely deliver me from this place!
Here, here 's gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again,
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst

180. *"fisting"*; clutch.—C. H. H.

them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there 's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I 'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

Enter Gower.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel 'scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admired lays;
Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her, and her gain
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again,
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervor hies.

In your supposing once more put your sight
Of heavy Pericles; think this his bark:
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark.
[*Exit.*

Scene I

On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them Helicanus.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.
Sir, there is a barge put off from Mytilene,
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

First Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet him fairly.
[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

21. *"In your supposing once more put your sight of heavy Pericles";* once more imagine that you see the sorrowful Pericles.—C. H. H.

Enter from thence, Lysimachus, and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can, in aught you would,
Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honoring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance
But to prorogue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?
Hel. 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.
Lys. May we not see him?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.
Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [*Pericles discovered*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.
Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
First Lord. Sir,
We have a maid in Mytilene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.
Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side. [*Whispers a Lord, who goes off in the barge of Lysimachus.*
Hel. Sure, all 's effectless; yet nothing we 'll omit
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you
That for our gold we may provision have,

36. "[*Pericles discovered.*]"; Wilkins describes his condition in more detail: "with a long overgrown beard, diffused hair, undecent nails on his fingers, and himself lying upon his couch, grovelling on his face."—C. H. H.

47. *"deafen'd";* Malone's emendation; Q. 1, *"defend";* the rest, *"defended."*—I. G.

49. *"happy";* accomplished.—C. H. H.

50, 51. *"upon the leafy shelter"* appears to mean "Upon a spot which is sheltered."—H. N. H.

Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province. Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But, see, I am prevented.

Re-enter, from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young Lady.

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that, were I well assured
Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,
I 'ld wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

67. *"that, were I well assured came";* the construction is idiomatic, the subject of *came* being supplied from the relative *that.*—C. H. H.

72. *"prosperous and artificial feat"; i. e. "gracefully and skillfully performed";* Mason conj. *"prosperous artifice and fate";* Steevens, *"prosperous-artificial feat."*

——; *"feat";* Percy conj., adopted by Steevens, Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"fate."*—I. G.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery, provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffer'd to come near him.
Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! 80
[*Marina sings.*
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,

80. "[*Marina sings*]"; Marina's song is not given in any old copy of the play. In the novel founded on the play, she is made to sing as follows:

"Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose, among the thorns it grows,
And is not hurt thereby.

"The thief that stole me, sure I think,
Is slain before this time.
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
Defil'd by fleshly crime.

"Were nothing pleasanter to me
Than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king;
My blood from kings doth flow.

"I hope that God will mend my state,
And send a better day.
Leave off your tears, pluck up your heart,
And banish care away.

"Show gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerful eyes:
That God remains, that once of nought
Created earth and skies."—H. N. H.

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude. [*Aside*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

101. *"You would not do me violence";* this refers, apparently, to something not found in any printed copy of the play. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina,—"Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back,* thou cam'st from good descending?" Probably a good deal of the play, as written by the Poet, never got into print: the broken and disordered state of the text shows that such is the case. In the *Confessio Amantis,* and in the *Painful Adventures,* the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person. Thus, in the former:

"Bot as a madde man, atte laste
His hed wepyng awey he cast,
And half in wrath he bade here go:
Bot yit she wolde nouht do so;
And in the derke forth she goth
Til she hym towchith, and he wroth,
And after hire with his honde
He smote: and thus whan she hym fonde
Diseasyd, courtesly she seide,
Avoy, my lorde, I am a mayde;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And owte of what lynage I cam,
Ye wolde not be so salvage."—H. N. H.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
You are like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?
Mar. No, nor of any shores:
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.
Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight,
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do you live?
Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.
Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?
Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace

For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I will believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou camest
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither

To make the world to laugh at me.
Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.
Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou startle me,
To call thyself Marina.
Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power,
My father, and a king.
Per. How! a king's daughter?
And call'd Marina?
Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.
Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion! Well; speak on. Where were you born?
And wherefore call'd Marina?
Mar. Call'd Marina
For I was born at sea.
Per. At sea! what mother?
Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.
Per. O, stop there a little!
[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
My daughter 's buried.—Well: where were you bred?

I 'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 'twere best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king my father did in Tarsus leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
Whither will you have me? Why do you weep?
It may be,
You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counselor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep.

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She never would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honor'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,
And found at sea again! O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees; thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.
Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?
Per. I
Am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect, the heir of kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.
Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.
Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus:

209–210. The passage is so corrupt that the Cambridge editors found themselves obliged to leave it as it stands in the Quartos and Folios.—I. G.

She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
She is thy very princess. Who is this?
Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.
Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes. I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens bless my girl! But, hark, what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
Hel. My lord, I hear none.
Per. None!
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.
Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?
Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*
Per. Most heavenly music!
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
Lys. A pillow for his head:
So, leave him all. Well, my companion friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,

217. *"should have been"*; was said to be.—C. H. H.
235. *"nips"*; Collier conj. *"raps."*—I. G.

I 'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*

Diana appears to Pericles in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Or perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe;
Do it, and happy; by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee. Helicanus!

Re-enter Helicanus, Lysimachus, and Marina.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesu
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.
[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,

247. *"life"*; Charlemont conj., adopted by Malone; Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"like."*—I. G.

249. *"do it and happy"*; that is, "do it, and *thou liv'st* happy." Modern editions, generally, print, *"Do't,* and *be* happy."—H. N. H.

With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Enter Gower, before the temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilene,
To greet the king. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,

277. *"till he"*; that is, Pericles.—H. N. H.

Our king and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful doom. [*Exit.*

Scene III

The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter Pericles, with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the king of Tyre;
Who, frighted from my country, did wed
At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus
Was nursed with Cleon; who at fourteen years
He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

7. *"wears yet thy silver livery"*; that is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity. —H. N. H.

Thai. Voice and favor!
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*
Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!
Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.
Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her overboard with these very arms.
Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.
Per. 'Tis most certain.
Cer. Look to the lady. O, she 's but overjoy'd.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her.
Here in Diana's temple.
Per. May we see them?
Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.
Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?
Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!
Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Thaisa. "... O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you spake,
Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
A birth, a death?"

Pericles, Prince of Tyre. Act V, Scene 3.

Per. Immortal Dian!
Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king my father gave you such a ring.
[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.
Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
[*Kneels to Thaisa.*
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina
For she was yielded there.
Thai. Blest, and mine own!
Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!
Thai. I know you not.
Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I call'd the man?
I have named him oft.
Thai. 'Twas Helicanus then.
Per. Still confirmation:
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found;
How possibly preserved; and who to thank,

Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power: that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament
Makes me look dismal will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I 'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father 's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We 'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves

79. *"Heavens make a star of him";* this notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honors and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.—H. N. H.

Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead 's the way.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learned charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursed deed and honor'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemed so content
To punish, although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.
[*Exit.*

GLOSSARY

By Israel Gollancz, M.A.

Absolute, faultless, perfect; Prol. IV. 31.

Account, accounted; (Qq., *"account'd," "accounted"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"counted"*); Prol. i. 30.

Address'd, prepared; II. iii. 94.

Afore me, on my word, by my soul; a slight oath; II. i. 86.

Amazement, confusion, bewilderment; I. ii. 26.

Appliance, appliances; III. ii. 86.

Approve, commend; II. i. 57.

Argentine, silver hued; V. i. 251.

As, as if; Prol. I, 24; I. i. 16.

——, that; I. ii. 3.

Attend, await; I. iv. 79.

Attend me, listen to me; I. ii. 70.

Attribute; "an honest a.," reputation for honesty; IV. iii. 18.

Avaunt, out of my sight; IV. vi. 127.

Awful, full of awe, reverent; Prol. II. 4.

Awkward, adverse; (Q. 1, *"augward"*); V. i. 94.

Bases, embroidered skirts which hung down from the middle to about the knees, or lower, worn by knights on horseback; II. i. 174.

Beholding, beholden; II. v. 25.

Belching, vomiting; III. i. 63.

Blown, swollen; V. i. 256.

Blurted at, held in contempt; IV. iii. 34.

Bolins, bowlines; III. i. 43.

Bonum quo antiquius, eo melius; *i. e.* a good thing for being old, the older the better; Prol. I. 10.

Bootless, without gain, profitless; V. i. 33.

Boots, avails, helps; I. ii. 20.

Bot's on't, an execration; II. i. 129.

Brace, armor worn on the arm; II. i. 139.

Braid, reproach, upbraid; (Malone, *"'braid"*); I. i. 93.

Breathing, exercise; II. iii. 101.

Buxom, lively, fresh; Prol. I. 23.

Can = gan, (an old auxiliary form) = did; Prol. III. 36.

Cates, delicacies; II. iii. 29.

Censure, opinion; II. iv. 34.

Chance, chances it; IV. i. 23.

Character, handwriting; III. iv. 3.

Cheapen, bid for; IV. vi. 11.

Chequin, an Italian gold coin; (Q. 1, *"Checkins"*; Qq. 2, 3, *"Chickins"*; Qq. 4, 5, 6, F. 3, *"Chickeens"*; F. 4, *"Chickens"*); IV. ii. 29.

Chiding, noisy; III. i. 32.

City, inhabitants of the city, citizens; V. iii. 97.

Clear, virtuous; IV. vi. 115.
Clerks, scholars; Prol. V. 5.
Cockles, mussel-shells; IV. iv. 2.
Coigns, corners; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Crignes"*); Prol. iii. 17.
Commend, commendation; II. ii. 49.
Companion; "her mild c.," "the companion of her mildness"; (Daniel conj. *"her wild c."*; *"in her mild company"*); I. i. 18.
Conceit, ability to think; III. i. 16.
Conclusion, (?) problem; I. i. 56.
Conditions, disposition; III. i. 29.
Condolements, blunder for *doles;* II. i. 163.
Confound, waste, consume; V. ii. 14.
Consist, insist; I. iv. 83.
Conversation, conduct; Prol. II. 9.
Convince, overcome, defeat; I. ii. 123.
Copp'd, round-topped; I. i. 100.
Countervail, balance, equal; II. iii. 56.
Countless, infinite; I. i. 31.
Cunning, knowledge, skill; III. ii. 27.
Curious, elegant, nice; I. iv. 43.

Darks, darkens, obscures; Prol. IV. 35.
Date, appointed term of life; III. iv. 14.
Death-like, deadly; I. i. 29.
Deliver, tell, relate; V. iii. 63.
Deliver'd, told, related; V. i. 162.
Dern, secret, dreary; Prol. III. 15.
Desire (trisyllabic); I. i. 20.
Distain, stain; (Steevens conj.; Qq., and Ff. 3, 4, *"disdaine"*); IV. iii. 31.
Distemperature, disorder; V. i. 27.
Dole, sorrow; Prol. III. 42.
Dooms, judgment; Prol. III. 32.
Doubt, suspect; I. ii. 86.
Doubting, fearing; I. iii. 23.
Dropping, dripping wet; IV. i. 63.
Dumbs, makes dumb; Prol. V. 5.

Eaning time, time of delivery; III. iv. 6.
Earnest, money given beforehand; IV. i. 49.
Eche, eke out; (Qq., F. 3, (*"each"*); Prol. III. 13.
Eftsoons, soon, by and by; V. i. 256.
Ember-eves, evenings preceding the ember-days, days of fasting at four seasons of the year; Prol. I. 6.
Entertain, entertainment; I. i. 119.
Entrance (trisyllabic); II. iii. 64.
Erst, erewhile, formerly; I. i. 49.
Escapen, escape; Prol. II. 36.
Exposition, expounding, interpretation; I. i. 112.
Extremity, the extremity of suffering; V. i. 140.
Eyne, eyes; Prol. III. 5.

Fact, deed, (?) crime; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"face"*; Mason conj. *"feat"*); IV. iii. 12.
Fault, misfortune; IV. ii. 83.
Favor, face, appearance; IV. i. 25; V. iii. 13.
Fere, companion, spouse; (Qq., *"Peere"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"Peer"*); Prol. I. 21.
Fits, befits; I. i. 157.

Flap-jacks, pancakes; II. i. 90.
Flaw, stormy wind; III. i. 39.
For, fit for; I. i. 7.
——, for fear of; I. i. 40.
——, in place of, instead of; III. i. 62.
——, because; III. iii. 13; V. i. 158; V. iii. 48.
Forbear, bear with; II. iv. 46.
'Fore, before; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"from"*); Prol. III. 6.
For that, because; II. i. 83.
Frame, go, resort; Prol. I. 32.
——, shape, mould; II. v. 81.
Furtherance, help; II. i. 167.

Gat, begat; II. ii. 6.
'Gins, begins; III. ii. 95.
Give him glad, make him glad; Prol. II. 38.
Give's, give us; II. iv. 32.
Glad, gladden; I. iv. 28.
Gloze, make empty words, use deceit; I. i. 110.
Gone through, bid high; IV. ii. 49.
Graff, graft; V. i. 60.
Greets, gratifies; IV. iii. 38.
Griefs, grievances; II. iv. 23.
Grieve, grieve us; II. iv. 19.
Gripe at, grasp at, catch at; I. i. 49.

Haling, dragging; (Malone, *"with hauling of the"*); IV. i. 55.
Happily, haply, perhaps; I. iv. 92.
Hatched, closed with a half door; IV. ii. 38.
Having, possession; II. i. 151.
Heap, mass, body; (Jackson conj. *"head"*; Collier (ed. 2), *"head"*; Bailey conj. *"shape"*); I. i. 33.
Hie thee, hasten; III. i. 69.
Hies, hastens; Prol. V. 20.
Hight, is called; Prol. IV. 18.
Holy-ales, rural festivals on saints' days; (?) church-ales, or wakes; (Steevens' emendation; Qq. and Ff., *"holy-dayes"*); Prol. I. 6.
Honor, honorable office; II. ii. 14.
Husbandry, economy of time; (?) attention to business; III ii. 20.

In, even in; I. iv. 102.
Inflict, afflict; V. i. 61.
In hac spe vivo, in this hope I live; II. ii. 44.
Inkle, a kind of tape; here probably some kind of embroidery silk; Prol. V. 8.
Intend, bend, direct; I. ii. 116.
Intents, intentions; V. i. 259.
I-wis, truly, certainly; Prol. II. 2.

Jetted, stalked, strutted; I. iv. 26.
Joy, rejoice; II. i. 172.
Just, joust, tilt; II. i. 121.

Killen, kill; Prol. II. 20.

Late, lately; IV. iv. 15.
Level, aim; II. iii. 114.
Level at, aim at; I. i. 165.
Lien, lain; III. ii. 85.
Light, alighted, fallen; IV. ii. 81.
Like, equal, the same; I. i. 108; IV. v. 1.
Like, just as; II. iv. 36.
Like, likely; III. i. 17; IV. i. 80.
Longs, belongs to; (Singer, *"longs"*; Qq., *"long's"*; Ff. 3, 4, *"long's"*); Prol. II. 40.
Looks, faces, countenances; (al-

luding to the heads of suitors which were set up at the gate to terrify others who might come); Prol. I. 40.

Lop, cut off; I. ii. 90.

Loud music, made by clashing of armor; II. iii. 97.

Lown, base fellow; IV. vi. 20.

Lux tua vita mihi, thy light is life to me; II. ii. 21.

Malkin, slattern; (Q. 3, *"Mowkin"*; the rest, *"Mawkin"*; the old pronunciation); IV. iii. 34.

Manage, training; usually used of a horse; IV. vi. 70.

Mask'd, concealing as with a mask its cruel nature; (Dyce conj. *"vast"*; S. Walker conj. *"moist"*; Kinnear conj. *"mighty"*; Elze conj. *"calmest"*); III. iii. 36.

Me pompæ provexit apex, "the desire of renown drew me to this enterprise" (Wilkins' Novel); II. ii. 30.

Mis-dread, fear of evil; I. ii. 12.

Moons, months; Prol. III. 31.

Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 110.

Mortally, in the manner of mortals; V. i. 105.

Motion, a working pulse; (Pericles' exclamation after he has felt Marina's pulse); Steevens, *"no motion?" i. e.* "Are you not a puppet?"; V. i. 156.

Must, must come to; (Wray conj. *"must be"*); I. i. 44.

Ne, nor; Prol. II. 36.

Needle (pronounced *neeld*); Prol. IV. 23.

Neglection, neglect; III. iii. 20.

Nicely, scrupulously; IV. i. 6.

Nill, will not; Prol. III. 55.

Not, not only; III. ii. 46.

Nousle, nurse; I. iv. 42.

Of, (?) on (Ff., *"on"*); Prol. V. 22.

Old, of old, long ago; Prol. I. i.

On, of; II. i. 7; II. i. 36; III. iii. 20.

Open, disclose, reveal; I. ii. 87; IV. iii. 23.

Opinion, public opinion; II. ii. 56.

Oppress, suppress; Prol. III. 29.

Orbs, spheres; I. ii. 122.

Ostent, ostentation, display; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"stint"*); I. ii. 25.

Owe, own; V. i. 118.

Parted, departed from; V. iii. 38.

Partakes, communicates; I. i. 152.

Passion, grief; IV. iv. 24.

Perch, measure, mile (according to some ="resting-place"); Prol. III. 15.

Perishen, perish; Prol. II. 35.

Piece, masterpiece; IV. vi. 120.

Pilch, =leathern coat (used as a proper name); II. i. 12.

Piu por dulzura que por fuerza, more by gentleness than by force; (the Italian *"piu"* is used instead of the Spanish *"mas"*); II. ii. 27.

Plain, make plain; Prol. III. 14.

Porpus, porpoise; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"Porpas"*); II. i. 26.

Portly, imposing; I. iv. 61.

Pregnant, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 44.

Present, "his p.," that which he presents; II. ii. 42.

——, instant, immediate; Prol. IV. 38; V. i. 193.

Presently, immediately; III. i. 82.

Prest, prompt, ready; Prol. IV. 45.

Principals, corner-posts; III. ii. 16.
Proportion, portion, fortune; IV. ii. 30.
Prorogue, draw out, linger out; V. i. 26.
Purchase, gain, profit; (Steevens conj., adopted by Malone, *"purpose"*); Prol. I. 9.

Quaintly, skillfully; Prol. III. 13.
Quick, invigorating; IV. i. 28.
Quirks, caprices; IV. vi. 8.
Quit, requite; III. i. 35.
Quod me alit, me extinguit, that which gives me life, gives me death; II. ii. 33.

Rapture, violent effort; (Qq., Ff. 3, 4, *"rupture"*); II. i. 168.
Records, sings; Prol. IV. 27.
Reft, bereft; II. iii. 84.
Repeated, mentioned; told; I. i. 96.
Resist me, are distasteful to me; II. iii. 29.
Resolve, solve; I. i. 71.
——, satisfy; II. v. 68.
——, tell, inform; V. i. 1; V. iii. 61.
Resolved, satisfied, convinced; II. iv. 31.
Return them, announce to them; II. ii. 4.

'Say'd, assayed, those who have assayed; I. i. 59, 60.
Semblance, (trisyllabic); I. iv. 71.
Shall's, shall we; IV. v. 7.
Shine, brightness; I. ii. 124.
Shipman, seaman; I. iii. 25.
Shores, sewers; IV. vi. 189.
Sic spectanda fides, thus faith is to be tested; II. ii. 38.
Sleided, raw, untwisted; (Qq., F. 3, *"sleded"*; F. 4, *"sledded"*); Prol. IV. 21.
Smooth, flatter; I. ii. 78.
So, well and good; IV. ii. 50.
Sometime, once; II. i. 149.
Sometimes, formerly, sometime; I. i. 34.
Somewhat, something; II. i. 134.
Speeding, succeeding; II. iii. 116.
Speken, speak; Prol. II. 12.
Standing-bowl, a bowl resting on a foot; II. iii. 65.
Stay, await; II. ii. 3.
Stead, aid, help; Prol. III. 21; Prol. IV. 41.
Still, continually, always; Prol. I. 36.
Straight, immediately; III. i. 54.
Strain, race; IV. iii. 24.
Suddenly, quickly; III. i. 70.
——, at once, immediately; IV. i. 96.

Take, betake; III. iv. 10.
Tellus, the earth; IV. i. 14.
That, if; Prol. I. 13.
——, so that; Prol. V. 7.
Thetis, the sea goddess; IV. iv. 39.
Thorough, through; IV. iii. 35.
Thoughten, thinking; IV. vi. 117.
Throng'd up, pressed, numbed; II. i. 79.
Throng'd, pressed, crushed; I. i. 101.
Thwarting, crossing; IV. iv. 10.
Tire, furniture, bed-furniture, (?) = comfortably and richly furnished bed; III. ii. 22.
To, compared to; II. iii. 36.
To-bless, bless; (*to*, used intensively); IV. vi. 24.
Tourney, hold a tournament; II. i. 121.

Triumph, tournament; II. ii. 1.

Unscissar'd, uncut, untouched by the scissors; III. iii. 29.
Unto, according to, in comparison to; II. i. 170.

Vail, lower; II. iii. 42.
——, do homage; Prol. IV. 29.
Vails, perquisites received by servants; II. i. 163.
Vegetives, vegetables, plants; III. ii. 36.
Viol, vial, phial; (Qq. 4, 5, 6, Ff. 3, 4, *"viall"*); III. ii. 90.
Visor, mask; IV. iv. 44.

Wages, equals, weighs; IV. ii. 35.
Wanion; "with a w."="with a curse on you," "with a vengeance"; (probably ultimately derived from the phrase *"in the waniand," i. e.* "in the waning moon," *i. e.* at an unlucky time, hence = with ill-luck); II. i. 17.
Weed, garment, robe; IV. i. 14.
Well-a-day, grief, woe; IV. iv. 49.
Well-a-near, alas! well-a-day; Prol. III. 51.
Well said, well done; III. ii. 87.
Where, whereas; I. i. 127; II. iii. 43.
Whereas, where; I. iv. 70.
Whipstock, the handle of a whip; II. ii. 51.
Who, he who; I. i. 94.
Wight, man; Prol. I. 39.
Wit, know; IV. iv. 31.
With, by; I. i. 4; II. i. 71.
Word, motto; II. ii. 21.
Would; "I w.," I wish; III. i. 42.
Writ, holy writ, gospel; (Qq. 2, 3, *"write"*; Steevens conj. *"wit"*; Nicholson conj. *"Writ"*); Prol. II. 12.

Younger, past, ago; I. iv. 39.
Y-slaked, sunk to repose; Prol. III. 1.

STUDY QUESTIONS

By Jean M. Vincent, B.A.

GENERAL

1. What was the action of the Editors of the First Folio in regard to *Pericles* as a work of Shakespeare?
2. What acts of the play are generally conceded to be purely and distinctly Shakespearean?
3. To what authorship previous to Shakespeare has *Pericles* been ascribed?
4. What moral qualities are most prominently brought out in the play?
5. What is the duration of the action of the play?

ACT I

6. What relation has Gower to the play? What is the dramatic use of the prologues?
7. What are the ethical suggestions brought out in the prologue?
8. For what purpose does Pericles visit Antioch?
9. What is the effect of Pericles' first sight of the daughter of Antiochus?
10. Who was Lucina?
11. What does Pericles risk in announcing himself a suitor?
12. What is the significance of the reference to Hesperides?
13. Does the immediate solving of the riddle by Pericles indicate mental purity or otherwise?
14. What effect does Pericles' discovery have upon Antiochus?
15. What does the King mean by "Touch not"?

16. What action does Antiochus take upon finding that Pericles knows his guilt?

17. In what way does Pericles protect himself? Does he avail himself of the respite?

18. What advice does Helicanus give Pericles?

19. What incident does Thaliard recall in regard to a "king's secrets"?

20. As a reaction from the shock of the discovery made by Pericles concerning the character of the daughter of Antiochus what mental ideal of womanhood might be conceived?

21. What are the circumstances surrounding the city of Tarsus at this time?

ACT II

22. What details are supplied by Gower and the Dumb Show?

23. What parts of the invocation of Pericles are attributed to other authors than Shakespeare?

24. What important incident in the story of Pericles does the scene of the fishermen introduce?

25. Describe the Elizabethan Tournaments as mentioned by the first fisherman.

26. How does Pericles recover his armor? What is the story of the armor?

27. How is Thaisa introduced into the story?

28. Describe the procession of Knights and the working up to the effect of a climax in this scene.

29. What honors are bestowed upon Pericles in scene iii? What impression is made upon him by the scene?

30. Describe the death of Antiochus and his daughter.

31. How does Helicanus display the nobility of his character in scene iv?

32. What conditions exist at Tyre? What is the popular opinion of Pericles there?

33. What message does Thaisa send her father concerning her marriage?

34. How does Simonides dismiss the Knights from the palace?

35. By what ruse does Simonides bring about the betrothal of Thaisa and Pericles? Is there evidence of Shakespeare's perfect style in scene v?

ACT III

36. What important change in the life of Pericles is introduced by Gower and the Dumb Show?

37. What dangers are suggested in the prologue?

38. How does the invocation of scene i compare with that of Act II, sc. i?

39. What superstition is expressed by the sailors here?

40. How is the character of Cerimon described in scene ii?

41. Explain the reference to the Egyptian?

42. Describe the awakening of Thaisa. What future does she select as her own?

ACT IV

43. What time elapses between Act III and Act IV? What passage in Marina's life does Gower describe?

44. What fate does Dionyza prepare for Marina?

45. Describe the character of Dionyza as portrayed in scene i.

46. What intervention prevents Marina's death?

47. What scene in this Act calls forth the question of the authorship of Shakespeare?

48. In what company does Pericles make his journey to Tarsus to see his daughter?

49. Give a character-sketch of Lysimachus.

50. How does Marina escape from the brothel?

ACT V

51. What are the talents of Marina as described by Gower?

52. In what condition do we find Pericles in the opening of Act V?

53. What does Lysimachus state is the one thing lacking in Marina as a bride for him?

54. In what does Pericles find that Marina resembles his queen?

55. Describe the dream of Pericles?

56. Through what character is the supremacy of good brought out in this play?

57. Give some of the details which confirm the recognition between Pericles and Thaisa.

58. How does Gower describe the characters of Helicanus and Cerimon?

59. What is the fate of Cleon and Dionyza?

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